

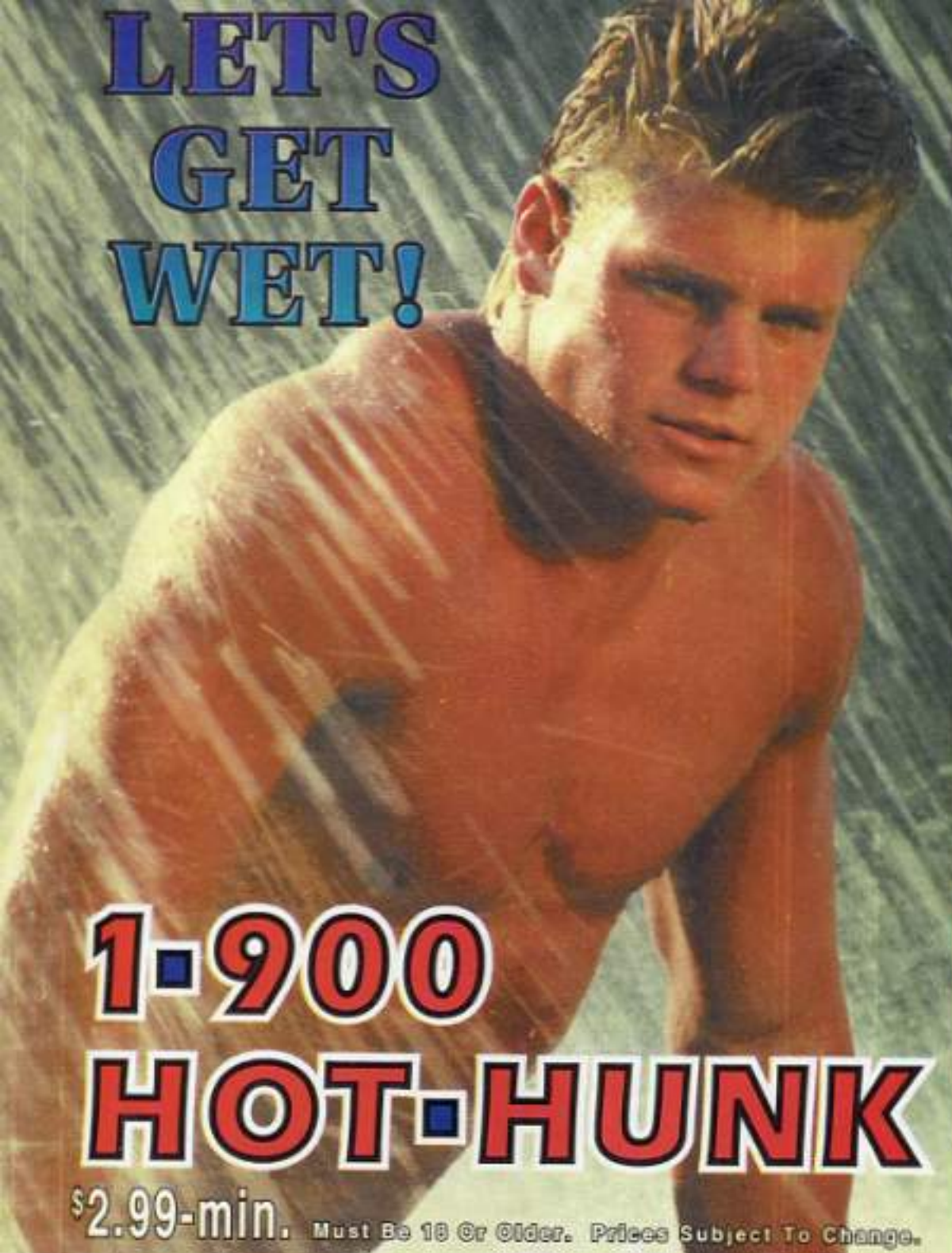
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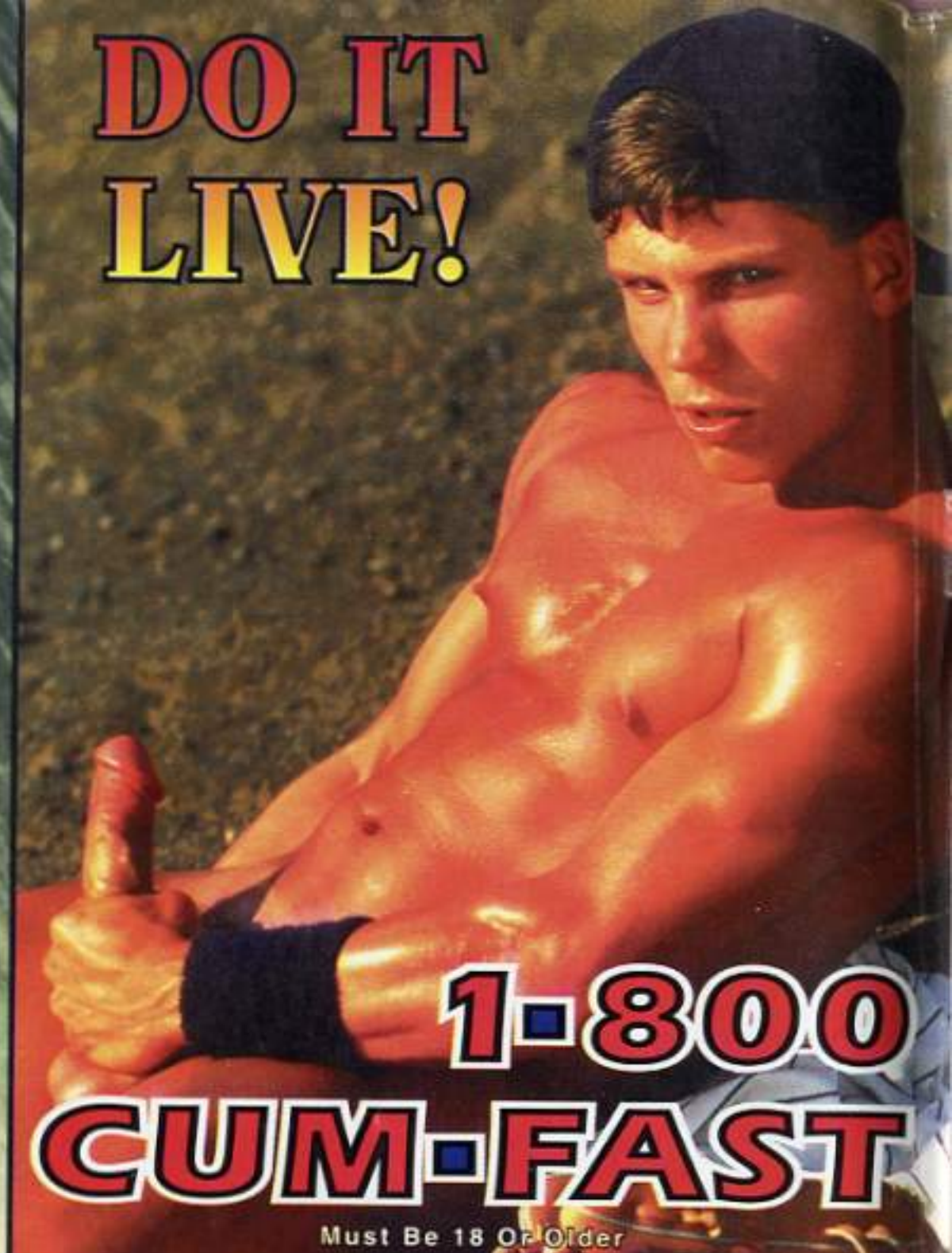
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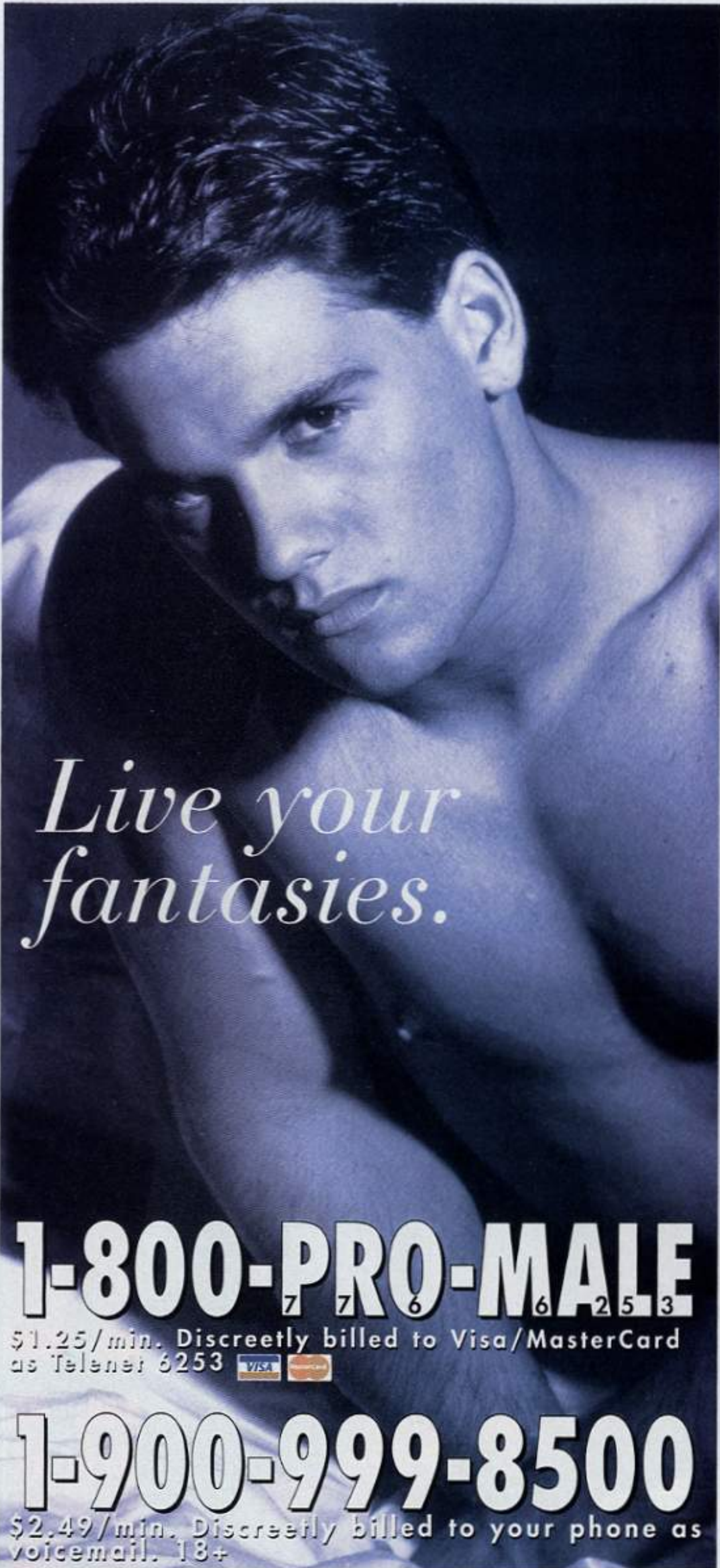
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Letters

Carr wreck

When I placed my subscription to *FRESHMEN*, I was not quite sure what I should expect. I anxiously awaited my first issue, and when it came so did I.

I opened the August issue to the "Let's Ride Bikes" photo set with Joey Carr. Wow! Talk about the boy of my (wet) dreams! Joey could share my bed with me anytime. I would love to wrap my lips around his beautiful cock.

The only way that set could be improved would be to have Joey show a smile—and perhaps to have a few more pictures of him. The close-up of Andrew Valentino's cock on page 25 was outstanding. I wish we could have had a similar shot of Joey showing his wonderful cock up close and personal in all its detail. Perhaps you should have similar shots of all the boys in each issue.

Please give us more of Joey Carr. If this is the type of material I can expect each month, then the price of the subscription was a bargain.

B.D.

Tacoma, Wash.

[A bargain? Of course it's a bargain. Everyone knows it's a G.D. bargain. Has somebody been telling you it's not a bargain?—Ed.]

Caution: May be hot

Your August 1995 issue was so hot, it burned me when I grabbed it off the shelf! The reason is your model Joey Carr. That boy will be in my dreams for quite a while. That face, that chest, that dick! Also, the cleft in his chin makes him look butch. It would be my pleasure to succumb to his every desire! Please inform Joey that his presence in your mag has prompted me to subscribe. Hope to see more butch boys in your pages.

P.S.

Detroit, Mich.

[So you're saying that without the cleft in his chin, Joey would look like a big nancy boy? Just wondering.—Ed.]

Valentino's Day

I have been a very happy and satisfied subscriber to *freshmen* for a few years now and have *always* marveled at your outstanding models. For me, though, the past three issues have been the best ever!

In particular, I went wild ogling gods like Mikal Janos and Alan Saudek [June 1995], Sebastian and Martin Valko [July] and Andrew Valentino [August]. Andrew is totally gorgeous: dark, smoldering eyes; delectably hard nipples; a huge cock that I would want in only one place; and the most beautiful ass, just crying out to be fucked! C'mon, Andrew, let's get it on!

A.S.

Cincinnati, Ohio

[Yeah, yeah—we hear ya. But what's all this business about "a huge cock" that you "want in only one place"? What are you, twisted or somethin'?—Ed.]

French toast

Thank you a million times for displaying once more Andrew Valentino. I first saw him three years ago in *FRESHMEN* [July 1992], sitting in the same car with that same huge and beautiful Italian sausage. This guy is really hot, hot, and

"Wow!
Talk about
the boy of
my (wet)
dreams!
Joey could
share
my bed with
me
anytime."



Joey Carr

August 1995

BRIAN SCOTT

Letters

"I have every page framed on my bedroom wall."



Andrew Valentino
August 1995
MARTIN RYTER

hot! I've shot so many times looking at his photos that I've lost count.

Since I first saw Andrew Valentino in 1992, I've had only one wish: having him fuck me with that 27-year-old cock (his birthday is May 15, 1968) ten times each night.

J.R.
Paris, France

[Ten times a night? Ouch.—Ed.]

Hotter than July?

Martin Ryter should be given the gold medal for photography. His portfolio of supermodel Andrew Valentino in the August 1995 issue was hotter than the summer sun. I have every page framed on my bedroom wall.

However, I was very disappointed to see the contents page. Bash McKenzie was the cover boy and got the honors of the centerfold and the contents page. Andrew was just in the "Regular Guys" section. How can the person who made this decision sleep at night? Maybe you guys need to check the picture of Andrew's spread ass in that Camaro again—that boy can ride my Z28 anytime. He is the best model your magazine has ever had.

D.S.
West Palm Beach, Fla.

[Sweetheart—baby—angel—lover: It isn't a contest.—Ed.]

Horsepowered

Your feature of Andrew Valentino in the August issue was definitely sleek, sexy, and downright wild. Only one glance at that huge, cream-filled fuck tool had me dreaming of taking him for a spin. Can you tell me exactly how much horsepower he has revvin' under that hood?

N.N.
Salt Lake City, Utah

[I think it's safe to say that Andrew has every bit as much horsepower as you could possibly require. He's one frisky, uh... mount.—Ed.]

If the shoe fits

You guys weren't kidding when you called the spread on Bash McKenzie "Wheels on Fire"—baby, I'm burning! He does more for the erotic image of skateboarding than words could ever express. The three shots of him with his dick pressed against his board starting on page 34 sent me into a total wipe-out. Or maybe I should say wipeup, if you know what I mean.

I looked at his shots for a long, long time before I noticed that Bash and I have the same pair of Nikes. Now all I have to do is get a ripped-up sleeveless plaid shirt and lie around with a big hard-on and my skateboard pressed to my chest and pretend that I'm a *FRESHMEN* cover boy.

B.W.
Lancaster, Pa.

[Cool. All I have to do is bring about world peace, win the lottery, learn to speak Sanskrit, and get in the habit of paying my bills on time (unless I win the lottery).—Ed.]

We welcome letters, but because of the volume of mail we receive, we can neither respond individually nor forward letters to our models. We also cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to Letters, *FRESHMEN*, P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078.

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Major

“Kissing
is the quick-
est way to
get me
hard—other
than with my
nipples.”

York Powers is a transplant from New York City, and from the stories he has to tell, that must be where he perfected his **nasty sexual skills** that delight fans everywhere. The 30-something **Italian stud** is a green-eyed brunet who boasts an 8½-inch cut cock. Part of the six-foot York's appeal is not only his incredibly **sexy ass** but his sense of humor. He is "kinda sorta" married to that beautiful little stud Cliff Parker (you might have thought that it looked like **more than just acting** in those movies you've seen them in together) and says one of his favorite things is to have **his ass in a sling**. Wouldn't you love to have it on your face! He stopped by my pad and chain-smoked a pack of cigarettes and **drank all my Dr Pepper** while we chatted!

Meat

by jamoo



Jamoo: So you are from New York?

York: I grew up in Westchester and moved to New York City to go to school. I went to NYU.

Jamoo: And you also went to a military school?

York: Yes, I did. Nobody was out then. I mean, we were out behind closed doors.

Jamoo: You were going to tell me a story about your roommate in military school.

York: For the first three years, you have to share your room with 900 boys, but your last year you get to pick a roommate. I picked my roommate, all right—you would have thought I was picking my husband. At the beginning of senior year, there's a beer bust. And there we were at beer bust that night—and things led to things. We were like, "We were drunk! We were drunk! How could we do that?" But a week later it happened again—without the beer!

Jamoo: What did you do exactly?

York: I think we just sucked each other off; I don't remember if we came. At the time I did not know you could do other things. That was really big for me.

Jamoo: When did other things happen? When did you have other experiences?

York: When I went to NYU and got into the city, I was, like, this poor kid, like, you know, totally green. I couldn't get any housing at the university, so I decided to live at the YMCA.

Jamoo: Young man, there's a place you can go...

York: Yeah, exactly. I just came out and was living at the YMCA. I was in the bathroom one day, reading something in the stall. I was, like, 18 at the time, and this guy was older—like, pushing 40—and he invited me to his room. I was, like, a nervous wreck. So this guy looked really nervous, and he looked at me and asked if I wanted to do some poppers. And

Major Meat: York Powers

I didn't even know what a popper was, so I stuck the bottle of poppers under my nose, and I was like, *Wow, you can do many other things sexually!*

I actually dated him for a couple of months, and he was a real mentor. He goes, "Do you want to go dancing tonight?" And I was like, "Dancing? Where can guys go dancing?" And we went to the Cock Ring, which was at Christopher and West streets. I walked in there, and everyone was dancing together—you know, like, guys. I was like, "Hello! I'm here. I'm in heaven!"

I called the Gaiety, and—you know, I was still pretty green—and Denise, who I think is still there, said, "Do you want to audition tonight?" And I asked, "Audition for what?" "Audition to dance," she said. And, you know, I did not know all the opportunities.

Jamoo: Like hustling?

York: You didn't hustle there—it was the place you made your contacts. So she told me that basically they'd play one song, and at the end of the song, I had to be nude. And I said, "Nude... wait!" So she goes, "I don't think you're ready for this." But I said, "I'm ready for this. I'm ready for this."

I was in the back room, and there were all these guys in all these costumes working themselves up. And I walked in, and they were like, "Honey, come here," and I was, like, nervous and felt like the gay Gypsy Rose Lee of the '70s. I was wearing all these clothes, and they were like, "Why don't you go out there just naked?" And I was like, "Go out there naked? I can't do that!" And they were like, "What are you wearing underneath?" And I was like, "Fruit of the Looms." And they were like, "Honey, get those Fruit of the Looms off and put on your jeans and go out there!"

I went out there and did my thing, and I managed to get naked. I was into gymnastics at the time, and I started doing a Bart Conner down the runway, and by the end of the night, I had a job. And I did that for a while to make my way through school.

Jamoo: What was your major?

York: I started out as a premed, and I was terrible, because that was like when Studio 54 was big and I would hang out there all the time. Basically I was just loving New York and not interested in college. I used to walk in the lab with sunglasses and a cigarette dangling. They suggested in my fresh-



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Tightropes 27

Zeus

man year that I might pursue a different career. I actually wanted to pursue theater, and that's what I did the next three years. I majored in drama at NYU and got out there and tried to be a star.

Jamoo: Did you ever get anything?

York: Actually I did a couple of dance specials and got dance work on TV. I worked off-Broadway but never made it to Broadway. I went to school with Alec Baldwin, and a lot of the people I went to school with did some good stuff. So people back home call me and ask me when I'm going to hit the big time.

Jamoo: Which do you prefer—L.A. or New York?

York: You know, they are both so different. I love New York for the excitement and theater. I love the men in New York. They are a little darker and nastier; they are also a little more individual. But, you know, L.A. has some beautiful men. I don't want to make a generalization, but I think I prefer the men in New York.

Jamoo: Are you Italian?

York: Yes. Yes, I am.

Jamoo: And you're a married man?

York: Kinda sorta... kinda sorta... yeah.

Jamoo: And your husband is...?

York: Is none other than Cliff Parker.

Jamoo: Were you blown away when you saw him?

York: Yes. We talk about this all the time. I drove down to San Diego for a movie, and when I got there I was over the drive. So they told me a straight guy was going to be my partner. I was thinking, *Oh, great*, because I have had some bad experiences with straight actors.

So Cliff came over and kind of started talking to me and recognized me. And he goes, "Weren't you on the cover of *ADVOCATE MEN*?" Apparently he was a fan of mine and had been trying to get a director to hook us up, but it never happened. So we were doing a three-way with a straight guy. I got on the set, and I looked at Cliff and thought, *Wow, he's beautiful!* He had his shirt off, and the light was hitting his eyes, and I was like, "Mmm!"

We had a great scene, and I got an award nomination for best groaner, because he topped me and gave me something to groan about.

Jamoo: How is your relationship going—with him living in San Francisco and you in L.A.?

York: It's a little taxing. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but it is still hard.

Jamoo: Is it an open relationship?

York: No.

Jamoo: What about doing videos—do you guys ever tell each other who you're working with and get jealous?

York: It's a sore point, because he's not making as many videos as I am. The last couple of videos we've done have been together.

Jamoo: Who tops and who bottoms?

York: Variety is the spice of life. We are versatile in our videos and in real life.

Jamoo: What do you like sexually?

York: I like anything from romance to "tie me up, tie me down." We like to explore a little bit. I have had my wild days and gotten into bondage and S/M. I've been involved in water sports.

Jamoo: [Makes fist] What about this? Have you done this?

York: Yes, both giving and receiving.

Jamoo: What's the hottest video you have ever done?

York: I've worked for Zeus before. And although there was no intercourse—because there is a lot of bondage—it was really hot, and I got turned on to the world of S/M. It was really hot.

Jamoo: Who are some of your favorite guys that you've worked with?

York: Cliff Parker, he's number one. And if I didn't say that, I would be locked out of the house tonight. I liked working with Kyle Neven. Sharon Kane was on the set that day and told me that it was the hottest thing she'd ever seen, on- or off-camera.

Jamoo: Have you had any bad experiences?

York: I have had some bad experiences.

Jamoo: Give me the dirt.

York: Sometimes I'll run into some straight boys who are only doing movies for the money. Not only is there no chemistry, but they don't want to talk to you or touch you. I worked with this one guy, and I was bottoming, and he wouldn't even look at or talk to me. He kept talking to the director, saying, "He won't move!" And I was like, "Hello, I'm right here in front of you!" And he just wouldn't look at me.

Or they'll put a straight porn video on TV right behind you, and he's watching it while he's fucking you. And it shows in the performance—you can tell he doesn't want to be there.

Jamoo: Other than porn, you work for AIDS Project Los Angeles?

York: Yes, I coordinate the volunteers.

Jamoo: Do you feel that porn and APLA are the opposite sides of a coin?

York: People may see it that way, but I feel the porn industry has been greatly responsible for promoting safer sex. When you see some hot model putting a condom on, that promotes safer sex. I think as long as you're responsible, we

"Slings turn me on. I love to **make love** in a sling, whether I'm in it or **doing the fuck-ing.**

It feels good, and the **leather feels good.** And it **smells good.**"



are doing the same job.

Jamoo: So you have put a condom on in a video?

York: Yes, I have actually done some public-service announcements showing how to put a condom on properly, and I have done some things for APLA's Sex Essentials education group. Cliff and I are their new condom poster boys.

Jamoo: What gets you hot?

York: I love leather chaps. I love having my nipples played with. Nonsexually, people's sense of humor. When I meet someone with a totally good sense of humor, I'm really turned on to that. Then it only gets better from there. Cliff and I do that. We laugh a lot, and the sex is great!

Slings turn me on. I love to make love in a sling, whether I'm in it or doing the fucking. It feels good, and the leather feels good. And it smells good.

Jamoo: Do you have a sling?

York: No, but if your readers want to take up a collection and buy York a sling, I'm ready.

Jamoo: What would we find in your bedroom?

York: The red bag...well, it's in San Francisco. It's got condoms, lube, and the Abolene.

Jamoo: Abolene is great.

York: It's great for masturbating; it feels really good. I also have one of those pumps.

Jamoo: Did it actually make your dick bigger?

York: I've gotten my dick to go to the top of the thing, and it's kind of cool. I also have this snakebite kit in the red bag. I have leather straps and one dildo. There is a double-headed dildo too.

Jamoo: Have you ever used it together?

York: I think only once; we prefer the real thing. There's a whip in there that we've never used.

Jamoo: Do you like big dicks?

York: It really doesn't matter to me. I'm more into the whole package.

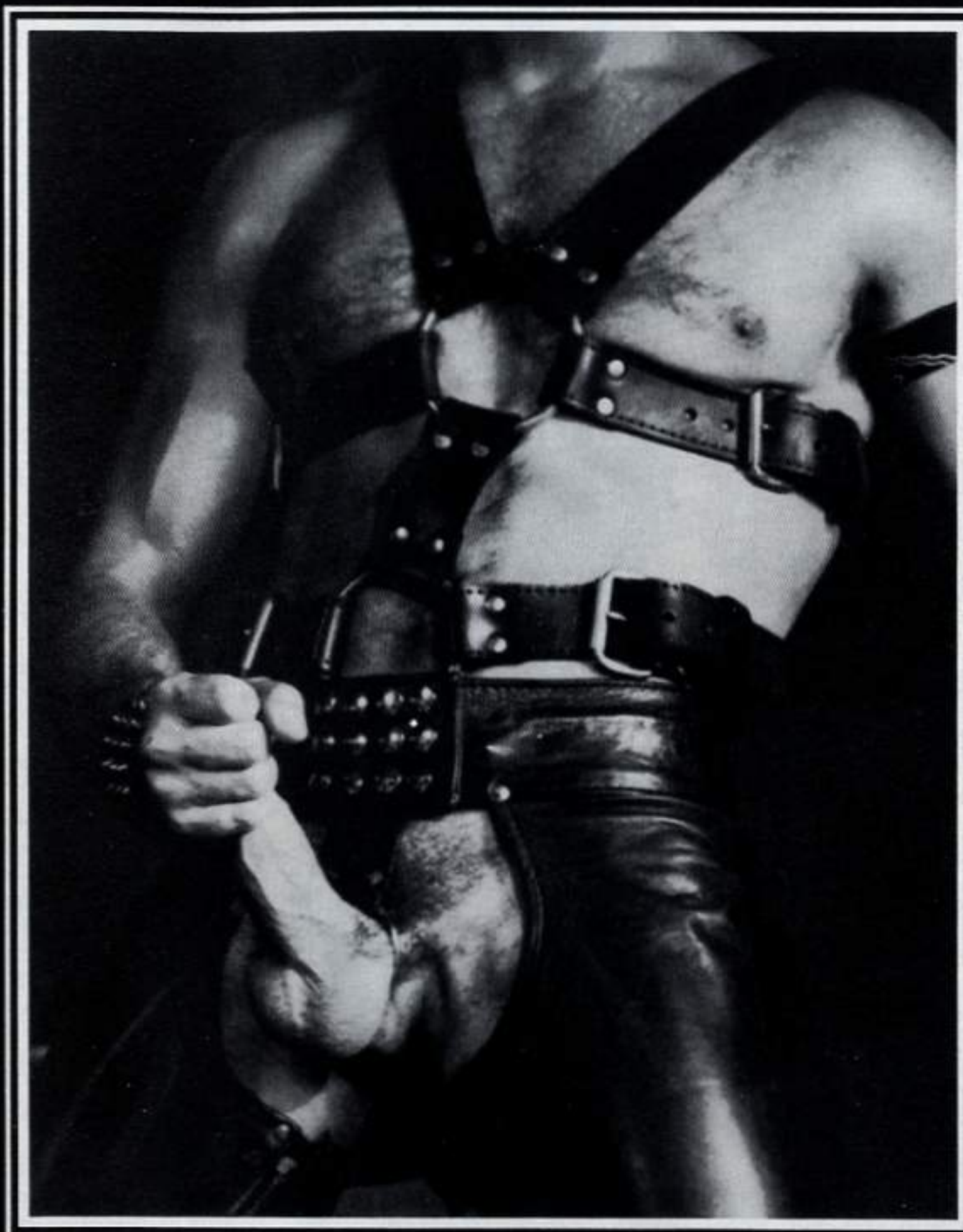
Jamoo: Are you a butt man?

York: Yeah, I love them round—like a, you know, bubble butt. I love kissing. Kissing is the quickest way to get me hard—other than with my nipples. I like sensual kissing and man-crazy kissing. Kissing is good.

Jamoo: How much longer would you like to be in videos?

York: Cliff and I have thought about retiring, because, you know, there is a little jealousy. I've met a lot of great people in the industry and had 99% good experiences. People have a misconception about this industry. I would quit making movies for a healthy and positive relationship, but I'm still having a lot of fun doing it! ●

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My
boyfriend
is very
much a
TOP
and
very big
into
DILDO play,

so I get filled up pretty regularly with a wide—and long—variety of objects. He usually pumps me with a standard plastic or rubber cock, but lately I've had allergic reactions to them, breaking out in a rash soon after we start to play. I've asked him to try some obvious substitutes—zucchini, English cucumbers, and soda bottles—but I wonder if there are less obvious options that might work better.

The rectum is a sort of holding tank, and the anus is designed to keep the tank door closed until the operator is ready to let the held material out. The wider, deeper, thicker, and heavier the material the rectum contains, the more you'll have a feeling of fullness in the rectal vault. The wider, thicker, and to some extent heavier the object is going in, the more you'll feel the two rings of muscle that make up your anus stretching. Any object that fits the bill will do, depending on your desires, but not all objects will do safely, as emergency room technicians, doctors, and nurses will tell you.

I'm concerned that your boyfriend has been using soft-drink bottles for three reasons. First, even strong glass can break, and if you slice up your rectum or anus, there's a good chance you could die or do yourself permanent and serious injury. Second, the most likely way to insert a bottle is with the small open end first; this process can create a vacuum inside your rectum that will make removing the bottle by hand nearly impossible and very painful, even if the bottle is well-lubed. Third—and this applies to zucchinis, English cucumbers, candles, and the small, cucumber-shaped, sometimes battery-operated dildoes sold as "marital aids" as well—you should never insert anything into anyone's rectum that does not have a flange at the base wide enough to remain outside the body no matter how you play. Without the flange you run a real risk of having the object slide completely into your body, where retrieval is probably going to be an emergency-room procedure.

In your search for the ultimate ass toy, avoid dildos made

head
head

with a supporting wire in the middle: The wire can poke through the object's outer shell and scratch the rectal wall inside your body. Rectal tissue is very delicate, and small scratches there are easily infected by your own excrement.

For maximum safety, keep insertion toys condom-covered during use. If you're allergic to latex, try the new Avanti polyurethane condoms. Remember that with ass play you really cannot use too much lube. Although polyurethane condoms will stand up to oil-based lubes just fine, as latex will not, it's still best to use water-based lubes for ass play because oil- and fat-based lubes are not good for mucous membranes. Avoid scented lubes, which almost always contain some alcohol and can burn tender anal and rectal skin.

Finally, if you're allergic to rubber and plastic dildos, some of the best ones available these days are made of silicone. They should be available at your local sex shop or by mail through the Sexuality Library catalog, available from Open Enterprises, 938 Howard St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

I like having my nipples played with, but I haven't told my boyfriends because I've always thought tit play was only for women. I recently heard about another man who likes that kind of stimulation, and I wondered: Are we both women?

I assume you're putting me on, so I'll pass on the question of your gender—after all, we've never met. But the short answer to the question underneath your question is that some people of all sexes like to have their nipples played with, and some people, also of all sexes, do not. If you like this sort of stimulation, let your boyfriends know. When you communicate your pleasures to your partners, you increase the chances that you'll have them satisfied.

Henkin is a licensed marriage and family therapist, a board-certified sex therapist, and a fellow of the American Academy of Clinical Sexologists. He conducts his private therapy practice in San Francisco. Send your questions c/o FRESHMEN, P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.

BY WILLIAM A. HENKIN, MFCC

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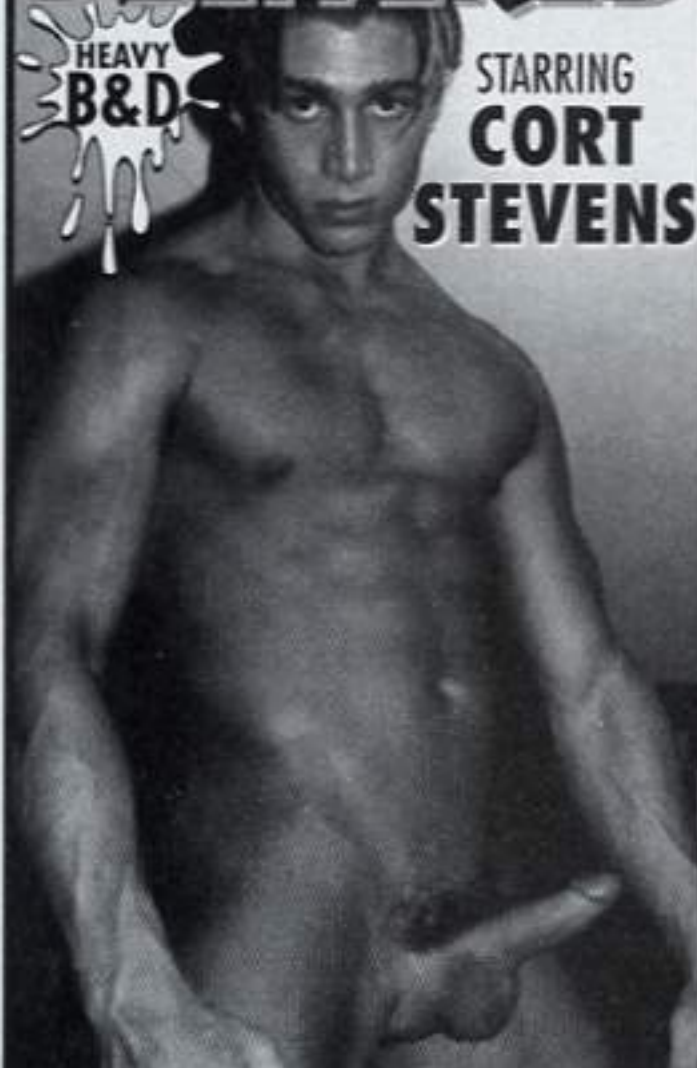
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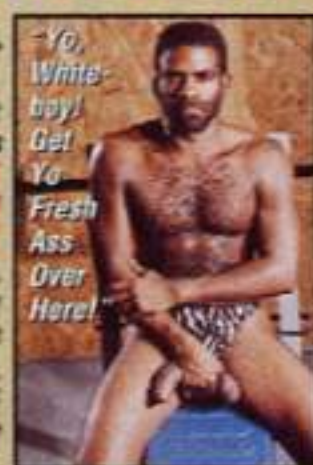
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He stood and stretched his arms up over his head. His belly—smooth, pale—went concave. The imprint of his navel narrowed, and I could see where his pubic hair thinned between his pelvic bones, tawny hairs that reminded me of a puppy's belly. He stepped barefoot off the cement pad and out across the grass. At the end of the lawn—if you could call the scrubbed earth and errant patches of weedy grass a lawn—bushes prevailed. He stepped behind a lilac bush long past its bloom to piss. I could hear it and almost see him, though I didn't want to. When he was almost done, he stepped back into full view, and I saw him shaking himself and the scatter of piss and his white prick. I saw his balls hanging over the waistband of his underwear, and I saw the look he gave me.

fugitives

He had told me his name was Rich, but I wasn't so sure.

He came back to the patio. The furniture was all in the garage; I saw it there. He had yet to break into the house. We'd slept in the car.

We met somewhere in Fells Point, at some crusty bar that tended to locals and hadn't much tourist trade. I don't know what I was doing there. He bought me drink after drink and talked to me about the book he was writing, the people he knew, the places he'd been and was going. His words wreathed me like cigarette smoke, and his eyes—blue-green—fixed me. His gaze was tactile; when he looked at me, at my shoulders, I felt his hands there. He hypnotized me.

I woke up in his backseat, my mouth dry and nasty, my stomach queasy. I saw the back of his head and, out the windows, the sunlit landscape rushing by. The radio was on low. I looked at my watch: 10:30. I had a class at 9. I got myself up and hung my shoulders over the front seat. Rich was chewing gum; he snapped it.

"Morning, sunshine," he said easily, drawling. His cheek tensed and relaxed and tensed. He chewed furiously. The wind from the windows blew his honey-colored hair around. He had his shirt off, and I noticed a small tattoo on his shoulder, and then I noticed my own pants around my ankles, dried come on my stomach, my dick stuck uncomfortably to my undershorts.

Rich grinned into the rearview mirror, watching me. "I, uh, blew you a couple of hours ago," he said. "You looked so good back there with your pants undone, I couldn't help myself."

I shook my head to tell him to quit. Neither one of us was *that* way. I'd thought about it—infrequently—but would never, ever...and Rich wasn't...I shook my head again, but gently, because it was hurting. I pulled up my jeans.

"I also robbed a bank," he said.

He lifted a paper bag and threw it over the seat. I opened it and saw the wrapped bills: tens, 20s, 50s. And then he

by r.j. march

"I really have to fuck you now,"
and he poured the beer over
my head and began to lick it off.

tossed back a silky rag—a nylon end he used for a mask.

"Stop the car," I said, but he didn't. My head was spinning, and my stomach lurched. I leaned out the window and puked.

"I like the way you look," he said on the patio. "What are you going to do with me?" I asked him. He had a gun somewhere; leastwise, that's what he told me. Plainly, it was not on his person now. His T-shirt was tight, his jeans loose and faded, dropping down past his hips. He fell forward suddenly, landing on his hands, and started doing push-ups, grunting and straining near the end of 70, cursing himself: "Come on, pussy, come on." His triceps twitched, and his shoulders went hard against his shirt-sleeves. He sat up and pushed the hair out of his eyes.

"I'll do anything you want," he said, smiling, sweat running off his forehead. "You're not my hostage," he added, looking down the lawn. He'd said earlier that there was a lake beyond the trees. "We could swim. Bet the water's not too cold yet." He got up and walked down toward the lake.

I could have run then. I stayed where I was, looking at the shingled cabin. I wasn't sure I was even in Maryland anymore, and I suspected I wasn't. I thought about the money in the bag and of myself, passed out in the backseat in the getaway car, a snoring accomplice. I also thought about him taking my pants down and blowing me, and that thought made my dick go heavy and start to rise without my wanting it to. "Cut it out," I whispered, as if that would have any effect. I'd figured the days of *that* kind of arousal had ended when my gym teacher in high school stopped asking me to help him put the sports equipment away. My last blow job from a man had been in the equipment room, with Mr. Mason on his knees, banging his nose against my pubes and taking my fast gush of come down his throat. My sudden erection now worried me more than the robbery, the possible gun, and the fact that I didn't know where the hell I was.

I walked around the front of the house with my dick pressed hotly against my thigh. Rich's car, a '78 baby-blue Impala, sat on the front lawn like a boat out of water. I checked for its keys and found none. I crawled into the backseat and was out, slipping into a dream about fast cars and flying bullets, with Rich driving, doing 125 with grinning ease, and me in the backseat in a jockstrap and logger boots, hog-tied. I was boning majorly, my little cock head dripping with pearly ooze as I watched Rich's smoke-squinted eyes in the rearview mirror.

"I'll be giving you what you need in just a minute, sunshine," he said to me, cigarette bobbing on his lower lip. Then the rear window blew out, showering me with glass, and we walked into some dive bar, and my 9-o'clock lit class was there, telling me I was late, and Rich ordered a pint of beer and said, "I really have to fuck you now," and he poured the beer over my head and began to lick it off.

I opened my eyes to Rich, still naked and dripping from his swim, licking my chest, his tongue swirling around my flattened nipples, coaxing them to hardness. He lifted his head to look at me, and I saw down between us his big white club of a dick. I was sure I'd never seen anything so thick and long, but my experience with dicks was pretty limited—besides my own and Mr. Mason's popping out of the open fly of his athletic shorts and my dad's once on a camping trip, I didn't allow myself many opportunities to see much dick. Rich's was amazing, huge and pale, and he dropped it on my own crotch, and I could feel the weight of it, even through my jeans. He licked my tit again, and I tilted my pelvis involuntarily. Rich laughed.

"What?" I whispered.

"You told me last night that you'd never do a guy."

"Did you ask me?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Where are we?" I asked him. I wanted to do something with my hands. I kept them on the seat alongside my ass.

"Upstate New York," he said.

I groaned, screwing up my face. It was just the beginning of the semester, and I was already on academic probation. The fact that there was a naked man on me, making me hard, seemed almost beside the point.

He brought his face close to mine then, and I felt the breath of him on my lips.

"I'm not sure if I want to do you in the backseat again," he said. "Wouldn't you feel cheap?"

"I don't know what I'd feel," I said back.

"You want me to screw you, though," he said. "You do want me to screw you." He put his hand between us, on top of the hard ridge of my cock. His fingers curled into the waistband of my jeans, and he touched my leaking head.

"My favorite part of today was making you pop and then spitting your come out onto your stomach," he said, and I groaned again because I could see him doing it, and my prick pulsed, and more precome oozed out of me.

"That's good, that's fine," he said, getting my pants undone and pulling my cock free from my tight, white trap of briefs.

"I got inside," he said, and I didn't know if he was talking about the cabin. "It's a nice place."

We walked to the front door, which was opened wide. He told me he'd broken a window out back. "There's food, even—stuff in cans." All the furniture was white-sheeted and eerie. I was looking around, holding up my jeans. There was a huge fireplace, uncurtained windows, the ghost-furniture. Rich walked into another room and came back with a beer.

"It's warm," he said, holding it out to me.

I took it, and Rich pulled a sheet off a sofa. It was early American brown Herculon. "Yikes!" he said, throwing the sheet back over it. He sat down, white-skinned and soft now between his legs. "Why don't you come over here?" he wanted to know.

"I'm OK here," I told him, and then: "We're fugitives, aren't we?"

Rich smiled. "I guess we are. Like Bonnie and Clyde."

I stared at nothing in particular. I was actually waiting for him to ask me again. And then he did, but I stayed still. I noticed he'd gotten hard again, and I liked to think I was responsible for that. His prick stood hugely up out of a honey-colored bush: a fleshy obelisk, monumental.

"Get over here," he said. "Now."

He did not have a gun. He was even more vulnerable than I. I could have kicked his teeth in if I'd wanted to, and there was a small part of me that wanted to very much. He wasn't much bigger than I muscularly, and I was taller by a couple of inches. I could very easily have swung my boot up and into his face. But there was something about his face, something that spoke to my hands, and I reached out and touched his cheek, stroking his jaw. He grabbed my wrist hard and pulled me down onto him with an unexpected force that pretty much knocked me off my feet. His mouth was all over my neck, and I felt the hot press of his cock against my sternum. He got me turned around and twisted my head back to kiss me, and I struggled a little, but not enough to make a difference. His hard-on smeared itself along my backbone, and I opened my mouth and let his tongue inside.

He seemed to want to eat me, and I lay across his lap as he slid his tongue in and out of my mouth, down over my chin, probing with the tip of it into my nostrils. I'd never been kissed so thoroughly or with such salivating intensity, and I decided to try kissing him back the way I used to kiss my last girlfriend, though my technique seemed tame in comparison. I abandoned myself to him then, my mouth and the rest of me, whatever he was wanting, and his mouth found mine again, and our teeth clicked, and it seemed as though we were trading tongues.

He slid down to the floor, keeping me on top of him, never breaking the connection our mouths made. He groaned into me and pushed my jeans down my thighs, and our cocks slid side by side. He took hold of my ass cheeks, gripping them hard and spreading them so that I felt my hole exposed. He moved his tongue—so much like a cock itself—in and out of my mouth, and I sucked on it the way I wanted to suck on his huge dick, lying like a log between us. He filled my mouth and touched the back of my throat, and I pushed my hips against his, and he brushed over my bung hole with his fingertips.

He reeled in his tongue, and I hovered over his ruggedly handsome face with my mouth hanging open.

"You're drooling," he said.

"I'm sorry," I said, swallowing.

He drummed his fingers over my asshole.

"You're hairy as hell down here," he said, and I apologized again.

"No, I like it," he said, stroking my crack from balls to tailbone. "Now, tell me you want me to screw you."

I didn't say anything. I couldn't. Not that. I looked down at his face. His eyes were the color of mahogany and flecked around the irises with rusty glints. A day without a razor made his cheeks rough and dark, his beard coming in darker than the longish hair that covered his head, dark like the sparse hairs of his chest that swirled around his nipples and gathered at his sternum, making a straight drop to a crazy bush of pubes.

"I'm gonna screw you whether you want it or not, so you might as well want it," he said, his lip curling. He pushed a finger into me.

"I don't want it," I said to him. His poke had stung, and I

was fairly certain that I wanted nothing up my butt. I felt the pulse of his prick and of my own between us as well as the sweat that had come to form on our bellies.

Then I was on my back, suddenly and roughly, and Rich was scrambling to get his long legs between mine. I was well-pinned, shoulders scraping the floor, his hands on my wrists. I was immobilized. His dripping cock end humped painfully against my ball sac.

"You don't have much fight in you," he said, his eyes half-lidded. "You're gonna be my fucking hole from here on in. You're gonna be my pussy. You like that?" He fucked hard against my nuts, and I cried out, it hurt so much. He looked down at himself, his big oozing head hovering between us. "This is gonna ruin you," he said quietly.

I found my voice, finally. I told him I wanted to suck him. I said please. I wanted to get his mind off my ass, and I wanted to get him into my mouth. More than anything, I wanted to fill my mouth with that big whiteness, I wanted to choke on his flood of come and feel his tightened nuts butting against my chin.

He straddled my face and pushed his prick into my mouth. "Wet it up," he said, and I opened my mouth wide to accommodate maybe half of him. I made my tongue flat on his inward strokes and used it to curl over the head on its way out. I breathed in the smell of him with my eyes closed, and when I opened them and looked up, tilting my head to see him, I saw a rolling drop of sweat slide from Rich's armpit. His eyes regarded mine, then watched the long slide of his own pecker, and he pulled out of my slobbering mouth.

"Enough," he said, bouncing his meat off my chin.

He hoisted my legs in the air, catching them in the hooks of his arms. I felt the spitty end of his dick butting against my asshole. He was telling me how badly he wanted to fuck my ass, telling me how hard he was going to screw me and how bad it was going to hurt. He said these things lying on top of me, my thighs pushed up against my chest, his face on mine, his lips against my cheek.

His entrance was fast and hard, and the pain shot through me. He put himself all the way in, making sure I felt the tickling brush of his pubic hair. I stopped breathing, and I think he did too, and we stayed still, the two of us, while my asshole throbbed and ached. My eyes watered from the hurting, and he dipped his head down to lick away what he thought were tears.

"You'll get your chance," he said, and he slowly pulled himself out. I took another breath—gasp, actually—and held it, just as Rich stabbed in again. He began to fuck my ass with slow, short strokes, hilted himself into me as if he thought he could go any deeper. I touched his thighs, his hips, his muscled sides. I felt his balls resting on my crack.

"It hurts, doesn't it?" he said, and I nodded, and he broadened his stroke—a slow withdrawal so that I could feel every last inch of him, and then a sharp plunge, daggering me with his thick, unwieldy sword.

"You fucker," I said, squirming. He had me manacled with his arms, pinned to the floor. I struggled against the lock of his embrace, even butting him with my head, making him wince in pain and laugh and grit his teeth and fuck me harder. I breathed in his breath, hating him and wanting him, because as much as it hurt, it felt good too, and I liked the sounds he made inside me and the way I farted out the air he pumped me full of and the way his balls knocked rowdily against my butt.

"You are mine," he said, and his fucking became murderous, and I was begging for it, getting my hand on my cock and jacking it, harder and harder, until I was ready to go.

“Eat it,” he commanded, and I ate, licking up his crack, pushing my nose into his stinking cunt.

And when I shot it was straight between us, up over my head, and then into my hair and across my face. The rest of it dribbled lazily over my knuckles and into my pubes.

Rich grunted and pulled back violently and put his hands on his head. He fucked against my balls again and heaved a huge sigh as he sprayed my chest and stomach with a creamy white load.

When it was dark Rich lit candles. He'd found a dusty bottle of wine, and I felt as though I was on some holiday and not a fugitive from the law. Rich lay on the floor, his head against my thigh, and I kept my hand on his hair, gently massaging his scalp. I started laughing.

“What’s so funny?” Rich asked, his voice sleepy.

“Just everything,” I said. “You robbing a bank, breaking and entering, getting fucked and blown, and all in the same day. Just strikes me as kind of funny.” I couldn’t stop laughing, and Rich started too, which made me laugh harder. And then we were kissing, chortling into each other’s mouths, and Rich backed off, his face suddenly serious, and said that it was my turn. And for half a second I thought he was going to do something to me—hurt me, kill me, I didn’t know. My mouth hung open dumbly.

“I want you to fuck me, stupid,” he said.

He stripped for me, and I felt familiar with his body and found it beautiful. I ran my hand over his calf, up behind his knee to the back of his thigh. His prick was heavy and thick, about to make its ascent to full erection. I got it into my mouth while it was still a little soft and not nearly so big, and I chewed gently on the whole of it. It responded quickly, filling my mouth, growing down my throat. I heard him say “Awesome,” and I looked up.

“Cocksucker,” he said, and I hummed over his shaft, catching the head with my teeth.

“Get yours out,” he ordered. “I want to see you playing with yourself.” I pulled my boner out and began to stroke it.

“Pointy head,” he said, “like a torpedo. That’ll slip in just fine. Little worried about that base, though.” And I knew what he was talking about. Lengthwise, Rich was a couple of heads over me, but he was hard-pressed to touch his thumb to his forefinger around the root of my pecker.

I got up on my haunches to take more of him into my mouth, and Rich pulled free and turned around. He bent at the waist, and his butt split like a clam shell, exposing his pinkness. “Eat it,” he commanded, and I ate, licking up his crack, pushing my nose into his stinking cunt, and chinning the channel of flesh just under his balls. My boner was weeping, and I gave up a big sigh.

“Screw me now,” I heard him say, and I stood up and forced against his ass with my hardness, bullying myself into him with just a swipe of spit. I saw him reach for his crotch.

“Are you going to fuck me or what?” he said, and I pushed into him, sliding in easily, making him draw a sharp breath. I did him with short strokes, not venturing to full

hilt; not just yet, I was thinking, because I wanted him to beg for it, because I knew he would. And when he did, when he started barking for more, I gave it to him hard, a merciless, ass-stretching fuck that had him hollering. I dug my fingers into his sides and pounded into him, making him stutter and moan, and I gave him something to yell about when I slammed my pubic bone hard against his stretched-out ass lips. I kissed his spine and licked the sweat off his shoulder blades while Rich threatened my life if I stopped for so much as a second. He threatened to come and to kill me and to fuck me just as hard, and I felt on the edge of an explosion, giddy and tense. And I thought that maybe this is what bank robbery feels like.

“That’s it,” he said, and he stood up straight, his hole becoming a vise as he pounded his pud and hosed the room with his monster load, all the while working his asshole muscles like a hungry mouth pulling me off. I gushed into him with a whoop, filling his cunt with my thick and clot- ted cream.

The next morning we drove into the nearest town for some hot food and coffee. We ate as if we hadn’t for days, silently, intently, and when we were done and heading for the car, Rich said good-bye.

I smiled at what I thought was his joke. I was about to get into the car when he leaned against the door.

“I’m taking off,” he said.

“I’m coming with you.”

“Forget it,” he said, looking everywhere but at me.

“No, *you* forget it,” I said, trying to maintain some com- posture. He stuffed a wad of bills into my shirt pocket.

“That’ll get you home,” he said. “There’s a bus station down the street.”

I shook my head. “No way,” I said. “I’m coming with you.”

“Look,” he said, getting up in my face, his finger poking my chest. “Nobody saw you in that car. You were in the backseat, passed out.” His voice was low. His eyes were on mine, and I felt as though the whole world was contained there. I wanted to kiss him and fuck him, I wanted to blow him in the backseat of his shitbox car.

He surprised me with a left that pretty much knocked me out. I found myself on the ground, seeing the wings of black birds fluttering overhead. Then I saw the waitress from the diner and a crowd of onlookers. The car was gone. And so was Rich.

“What happened?” I heard someone say.

“I saw the whole thing,” the waitress said. “He was your friend, honey.”

“That’s no friend,” somebody else said.

I got myself up. My lip was bleeding, and the back of my head too. The waitress said I needed medical attention. It sounded funny.

“You shouldn’t move yourself,” she said, but I was al- ready up, up and walking away. I had no idea where I was or where I was heading, but I knew I was going home. ●



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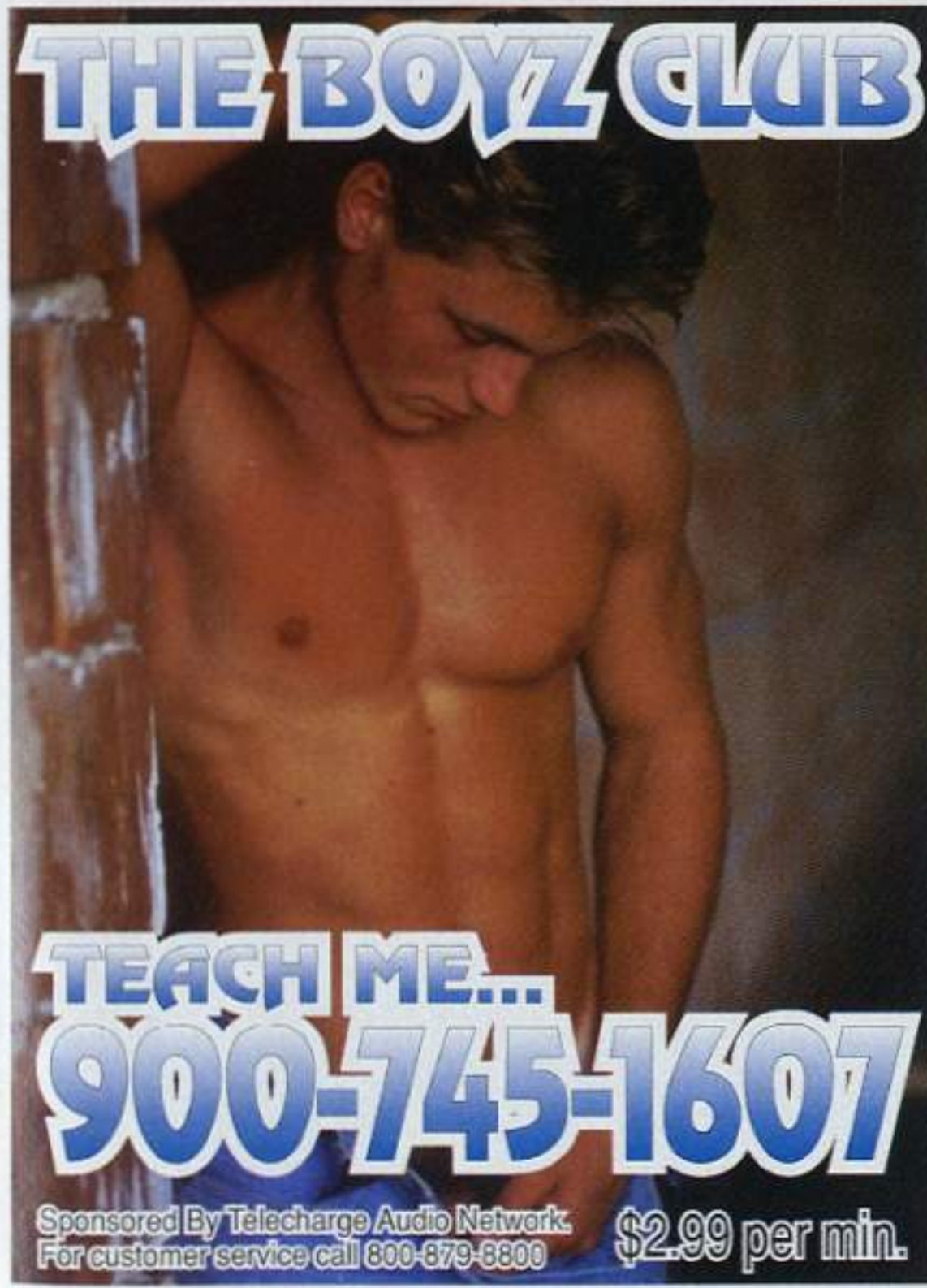
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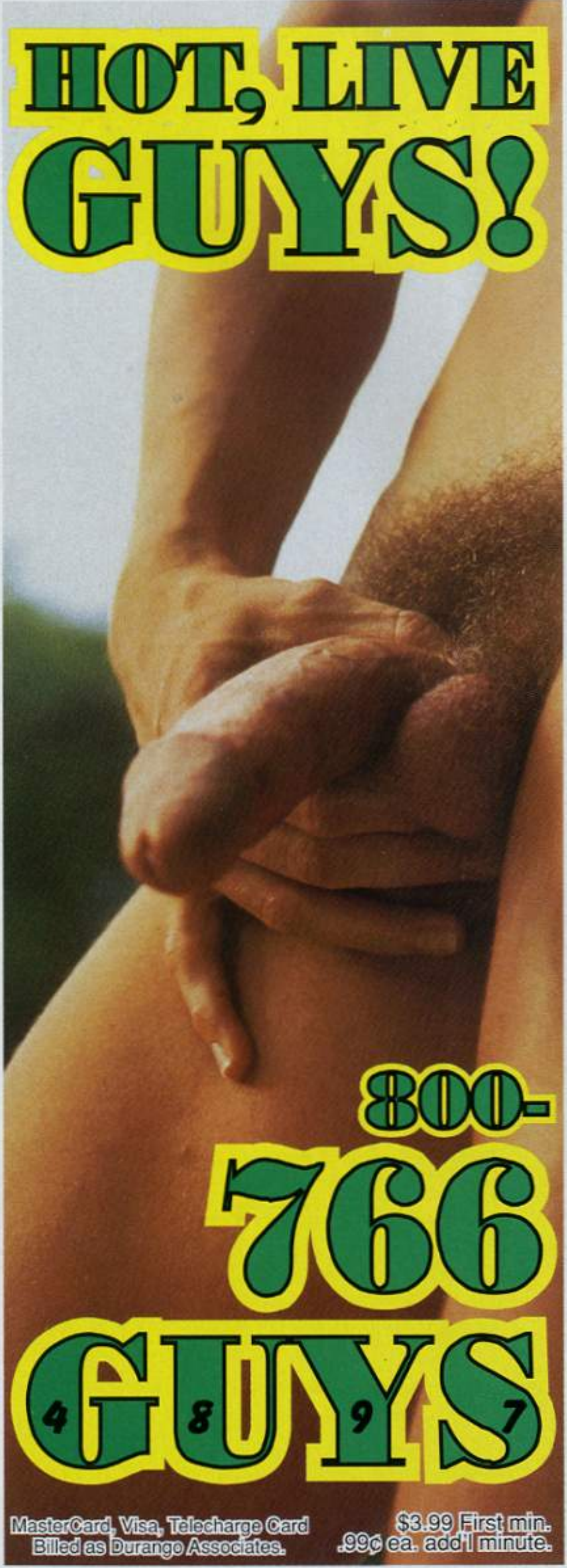
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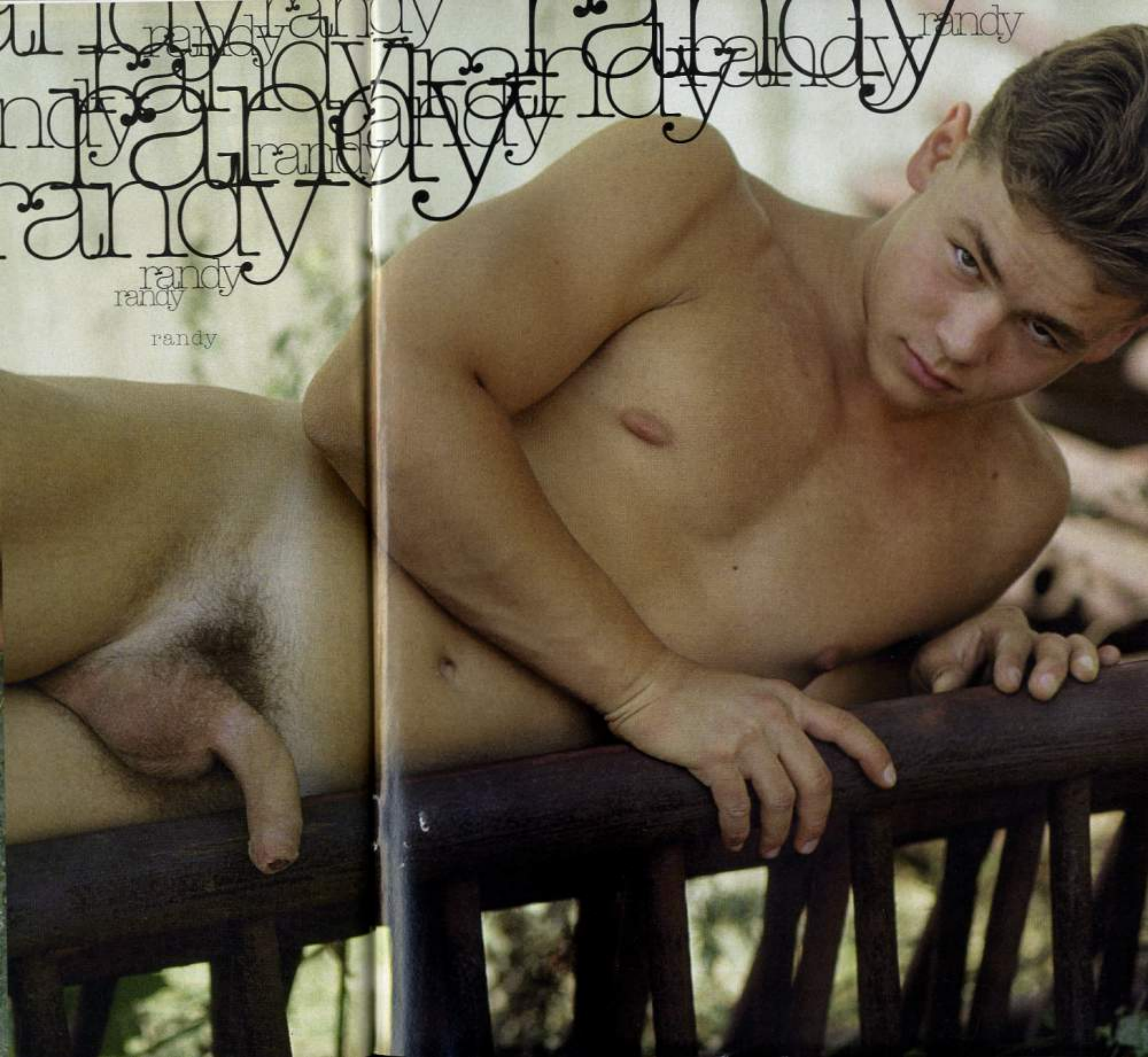
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A close-up photograph of a person's ear and shoulder, partially visible on the left side. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green. Overlaid on the image is the word "randy" in multiple instances, using various typographic styles including serif, sans-serif, and decorative script fonts. The text is arranged in a layered, overlapping manner, creating a visual pun on the word "randy" which appears in the caption below.

randy

Model: **Randy**
Photography: **Bel Ami**

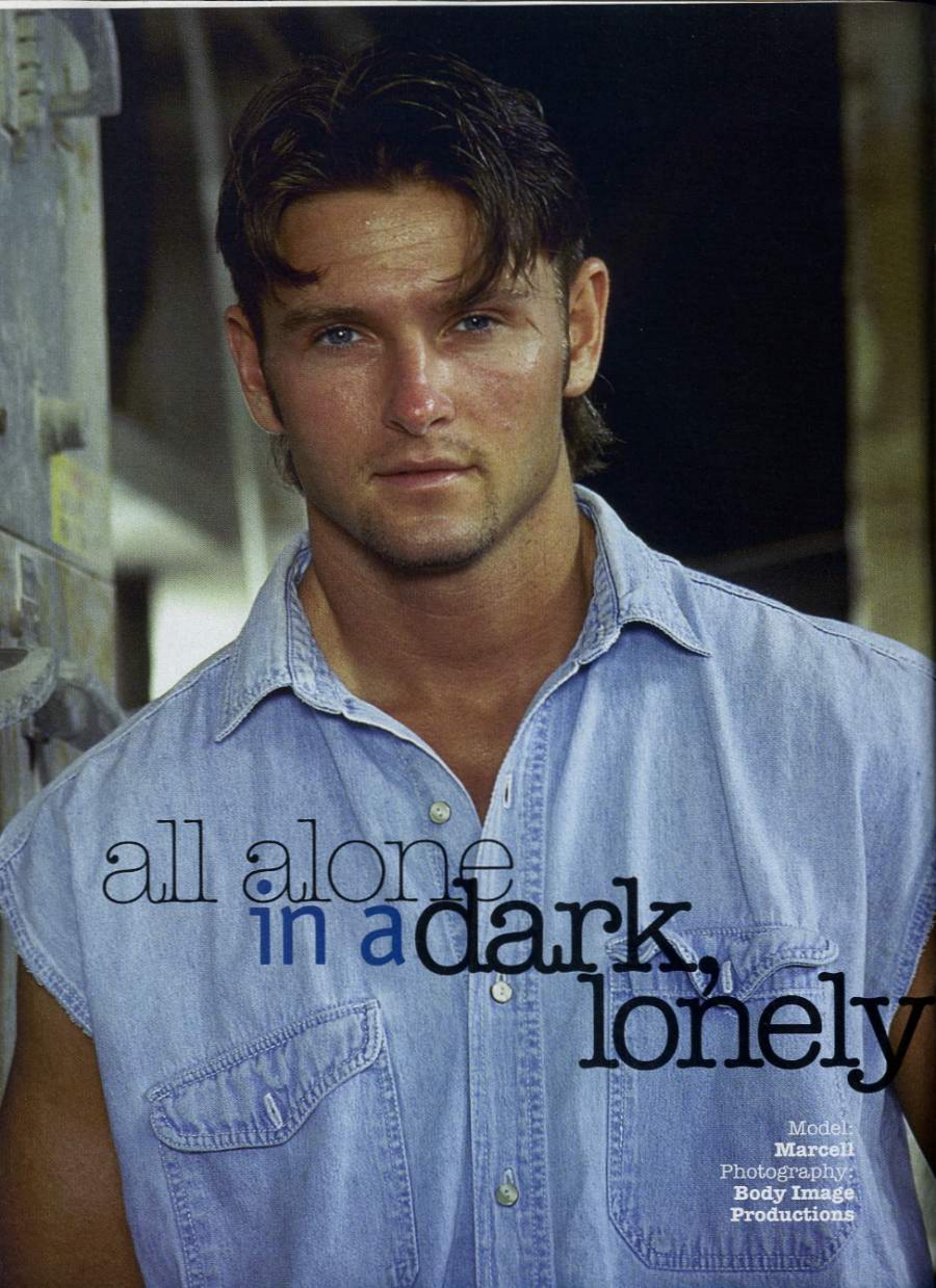






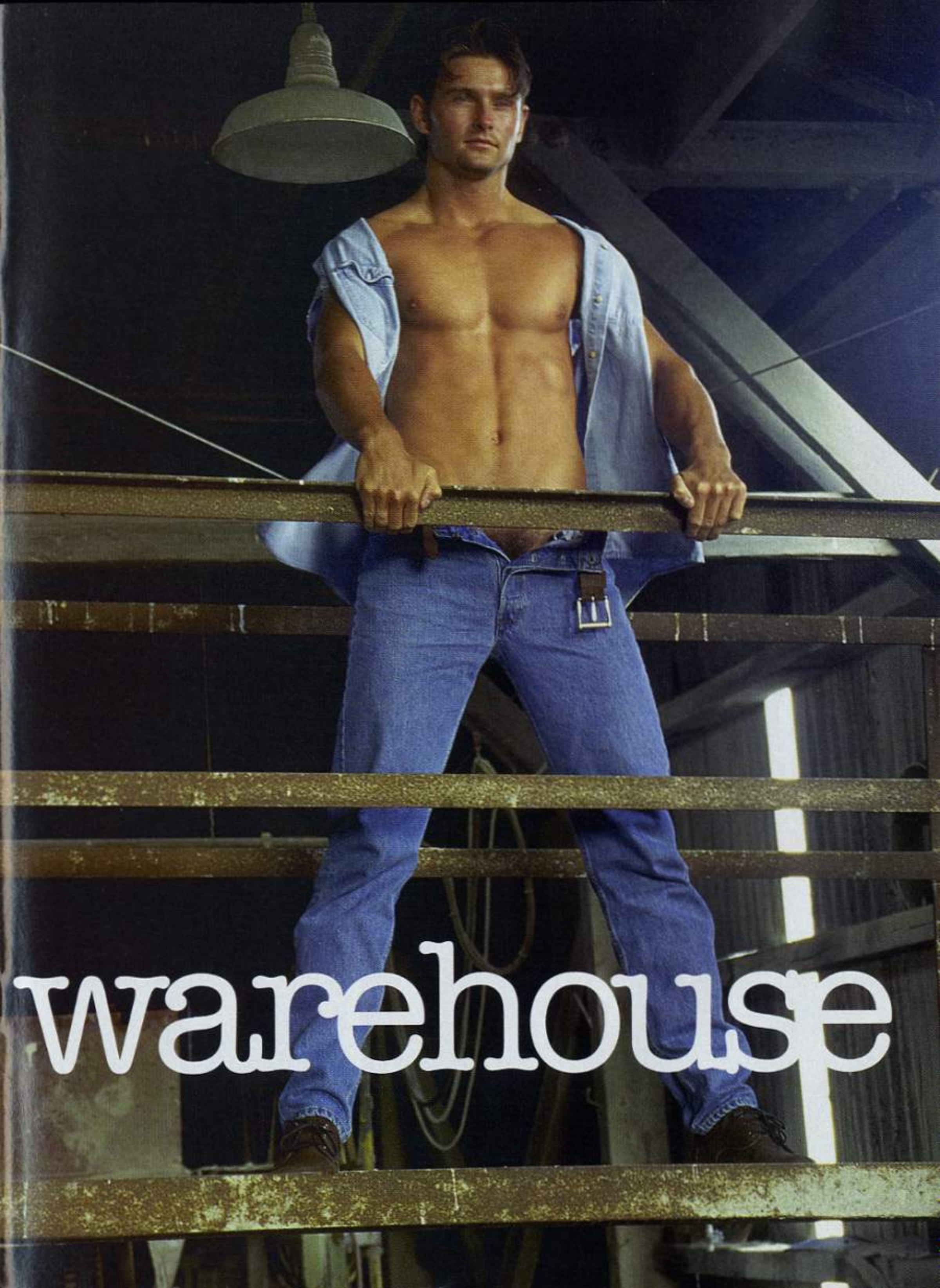




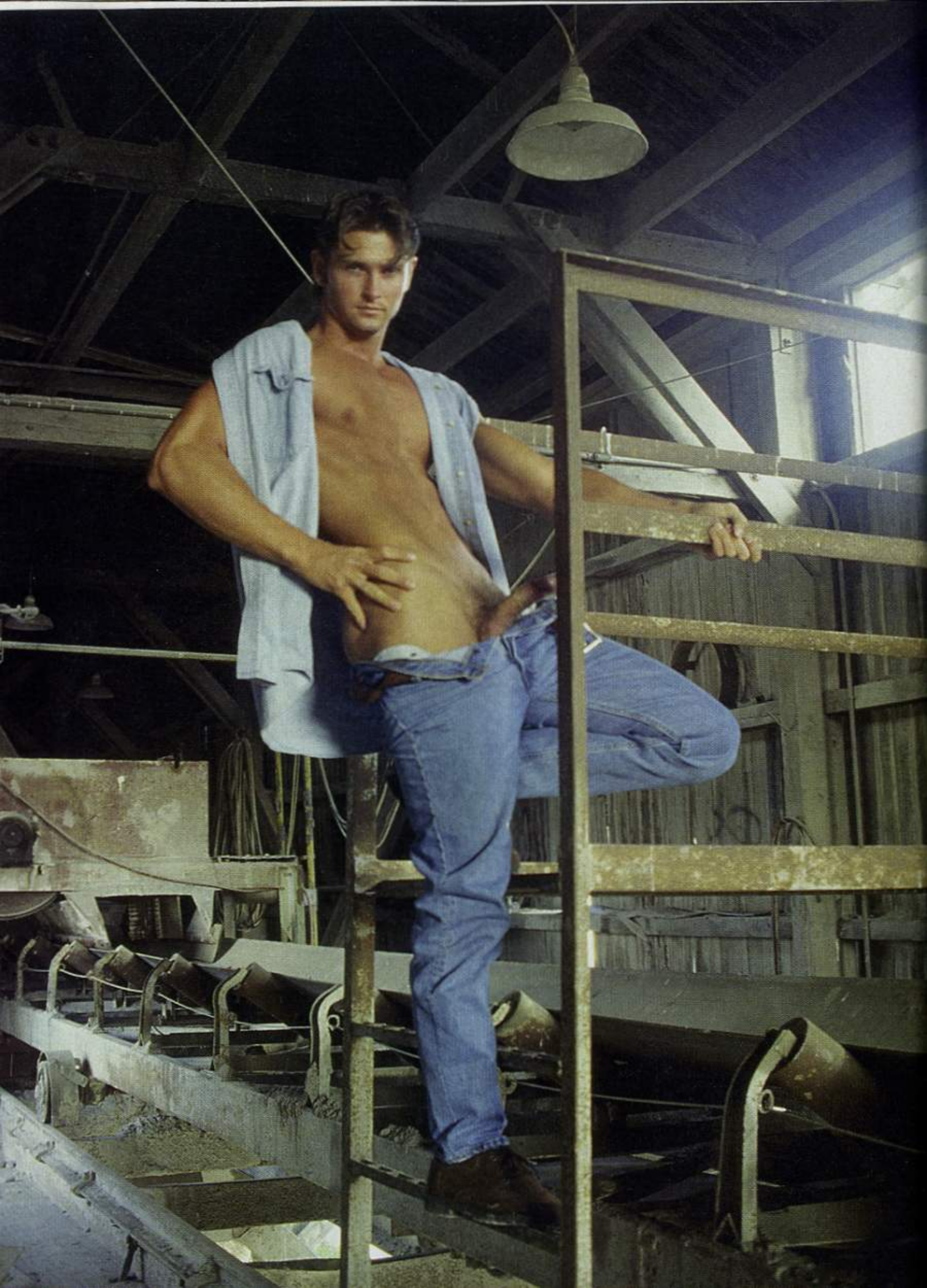


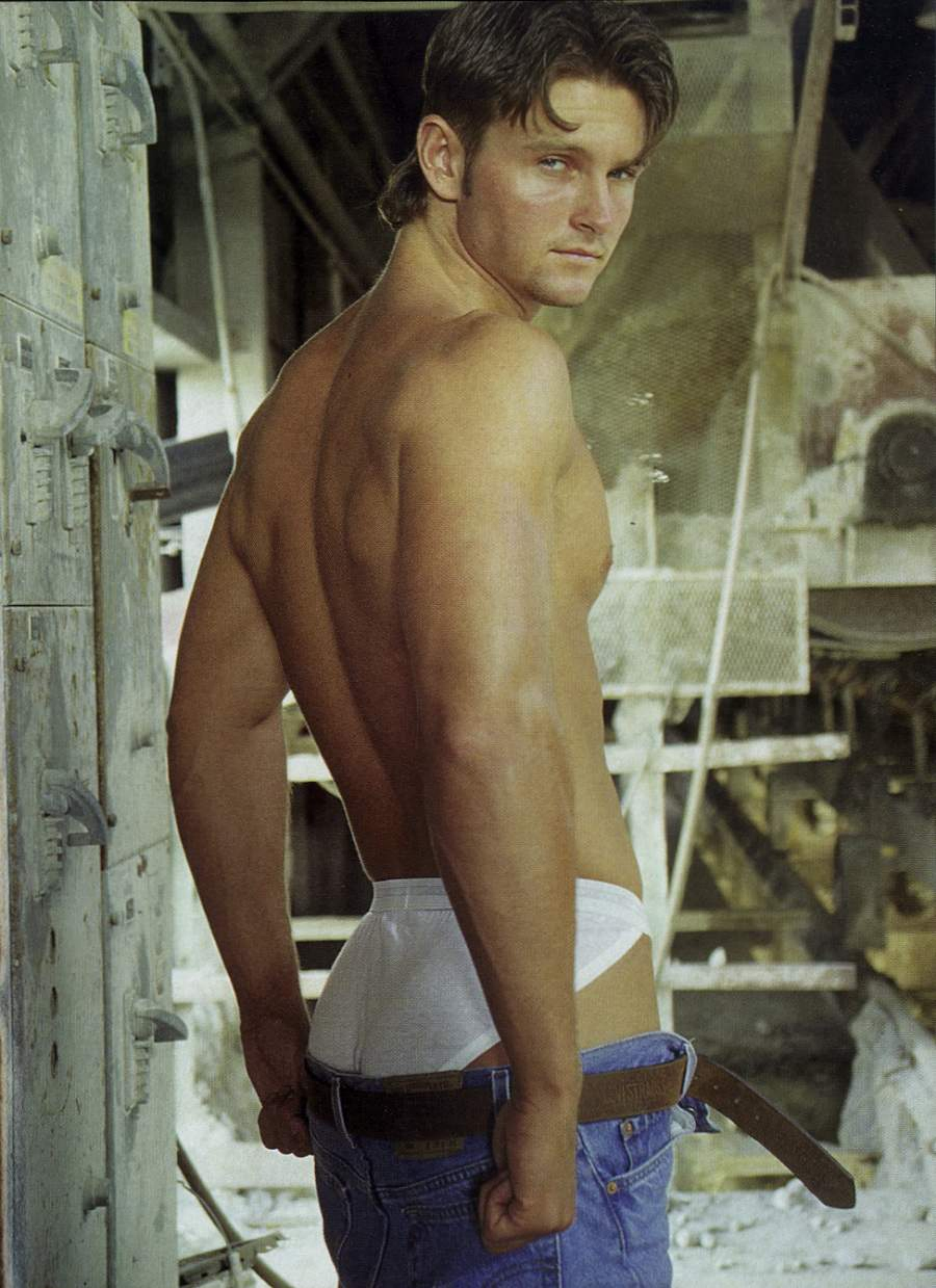
all alone
in a dark,
lonely

Model:
Marcell
Photography:
Body Image
Productions

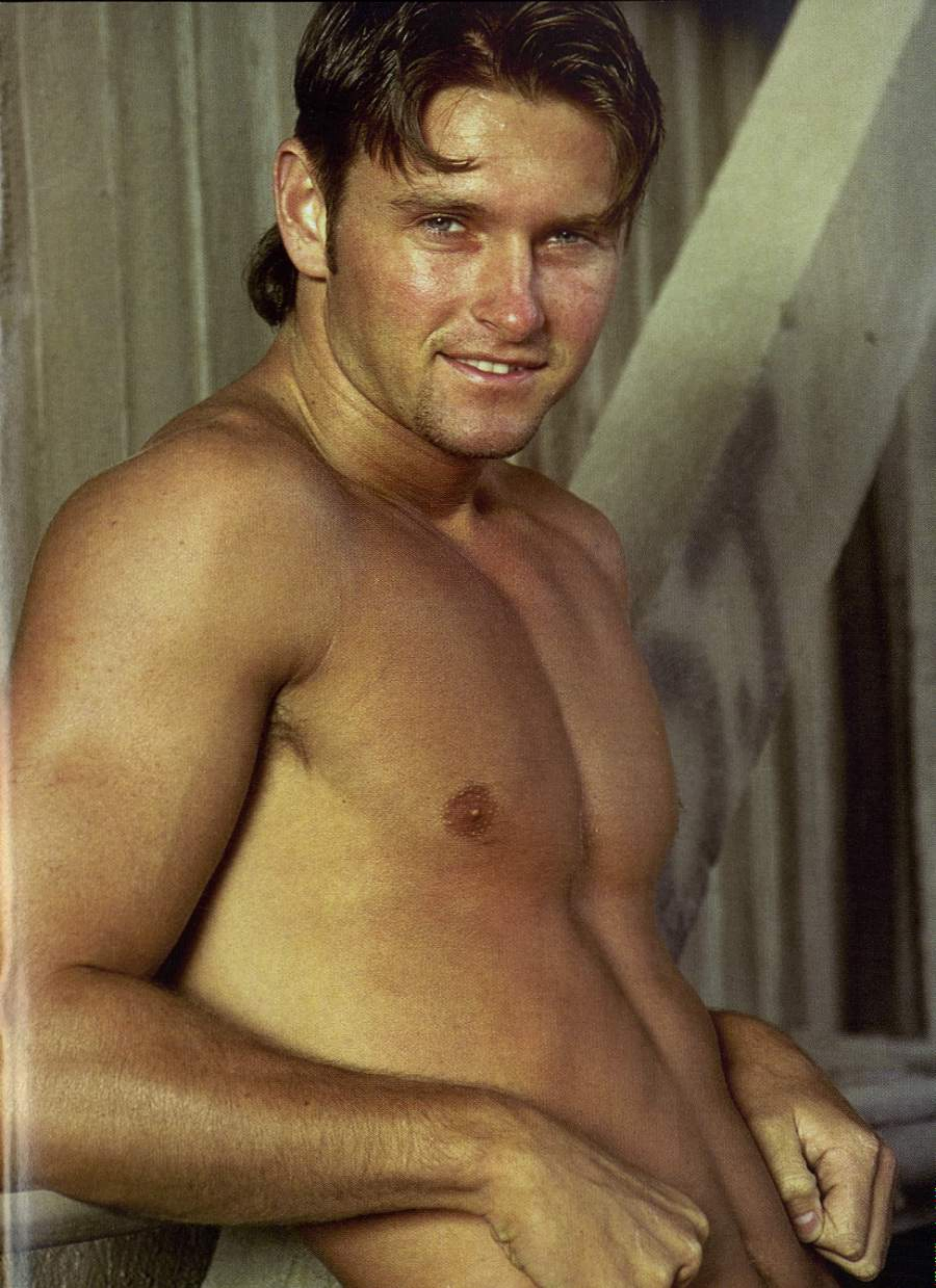
A full-page photograph of a man in a warehouse. The man is shirtless, showing a muscular physique, and is wearing a light blue button-down shirt that is open over his shoulders. He is also wearing blue jeans with a brown belt and brown leather shoes. He is standing on a metal walkway or platform, with his hands resting on a horizontal metal bar. Above him, a large, industrial-style pendant light hangs from the ceiling. The background shows the structural elements of a warehouse, including metal beams and a corrugated metal wall. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

warehouse





















rising to the challenge

by derek adams

“Jim?”
“Unh?”

“Hey there. Good morning, buddy. What’s up?”

“Not me, that’s for damned sure,” I grumbled, rolling over in bed and peering bleary-eyed at my digital clock radio. “Jesus, Matt! Do you know what time it is?”

“Yeah, Jimbo. It’s fun time.”

“Wrong, Matt. It’s sleep time.” I snuggled back into my pillows and shut my eyes. “Go back to bed.”

“Guy! Pay attention.” Matt paused dramatically. I almost hung up on him. “The folks are gone for the day, and my old man just got a new tape. I

found it last night in the hall closet behind a stack of blankets. I’ve checked out the box, and it looks like a really good one.”

I sat up and swung my feet over the edge of the bed. “I’ll be there in half an hour, Matt. Don’t get started without me.” I heard Matt chuckling as he hung up.

Matt and I have been best buddies since damn near the beginning of time. We grew up in the same neighborhood and went to the same schools. We had always played together, studied together, fought with each other—unless either of us got picked on, in which case we stood side by side—and generally been best of pals. This year we were cocaptains of the football team, and we were leading the school to its first winning record in ten seasons. After 18 years of friendship, we knew each other inside and out.

Well, that wasn’t 100% true. There was one little secret that I hadn’t quite



built up the courage to tell even my best buddy. Actually, it wasn't a little secret—it was a balls-to-the-wall pisser.

When we sat on the old couch in his folks' basement rec room, watching the X-rated videos Matt copped from his old man's private stash, I wasn't really pounding my pud over the performer on the screen or thinking about one of the girls Matt or I had dated. What I was jerking off over was much closer at hand—like right beside me. But it might as well have been on the moon. I had the hots for Matt in the worst way, but there was no way in hell I was going to tell him.

Matt was certainly well worth a steady stream of wet dreams. He was one of those tall, blond boy-next-door types that left all the girls—and at least one guy—drooling. He wasn't overly bulked, but every muscle was perfectly pumped and beautifully proportioned. The dude had nice, tight arms; a set of pecs that jutted out like a shelf; a washboard belly; and long, tightly muscled legs. His skin was the color of honey, and he didn't have a hair on him to obscure the view. And Matt was handsome to boot—blue eyes, curly hair, a knockout smile, and flawless teeth. Just looking at him made me weak in the knees.

I sprawled back on my bed and took my hard-on in hand. I always made it a point to beat off before watching sex videos with Matt so I wouldn't spring a woody before he put the tape into the machine. We had this little ritual that we always followed: We stripped naked and shared a beer before we watched. We told each other that the beer was to get us both a little loose and that the naked part was to keep us from getting our clothes all funky.

Believe me, sitting on the couch with him, shoulder to shoulder, was true torture. I always had to concentrate on unpleasant things before the tape rolled, and I never dared to really look at him till the show was under way. Then I could pretend to be getting off on the women instead of lusting after Matt's hot bod.

I raised my head off the pillows and checked myself out. There was no denying I was built, but I wasn't anywhere near as hot as my buddy. My chest had started sprouting hair three years ago, and now my thick pecs were matted with brown fur. My hard gut was fuzzy as well, and the bush that grew between my legs stood up like a dense cloud. I flexed my legs, popping my calves into hard knots and snapping the muscles in my thighs into ridges. The tension brought the blood rushing to my cock, making it rise up and smack against my belly.

I fisted my meat and pointed it at the ceiling. I wasn't sure I liked the looks of my dick—but one thing I knew was that I liked Matt's better. His was six inches of pure poetry—arrow-straight with a milk-white shaft, capped by a pink knob shaped like an arrowhead. Just thinking about seeing it thrusting up from his silvery blond bush hardened me up another notch. My prick, on the other hand, looked more like a club. Thicker out at the end than it was down near the hilt, it seemed almost brutal when I slapped it against my palm. It was uncut, and crinkly brown skin drooped beyond the tip, keeping the purplish knob on the end covered till I peeled it bare. My cock was gnarled with thick

veins, the biggest of which ran along the top of the shaft, then branched out into my foreskin. I squeezed my meat tightly around the base, watching it darken and swell till the tip of my knob peered out of its cowl.

Well, maybe my prick wasn't pretty, but it sure as hell felt good when I jacked it. I wrapped the fingers of my right hand around the thick shaft and started milking it, quickly bringing big quivering drops of precome oozing out of my come hole. I peeled back my overhang and rubbed the lube all over my knob, then down along the throbbing shaft. When I had it good and slippery, I threw back my head and started whacking, visions of Matt's golden body dancing in my head. I'd seen him naked from every angle, and I'd done my best to memorize them all. I really dug the way his big pink nipples would puff up into thick points when he started getting revved. I also got off on the way his knob swelled up and got bright red, like a ripe strawberry, just before he shot.

Just thinking about my buddy's pretty prick was getting me where I needed to be. My hand was flying up and down along the length of my cock, and my balls had drawn up between my legs. I slowed the pace to savor the rush and watched the slit in the end of my prick gape, then spew long ropes of jizz up across my chest and over my belly. A stray blast flew up the inside of my left arm and matted the hair in my pit. The smell of my own jizz hit me in the gut like a fist, and I tensed, ready for the last big shot. It was a good one—it arced high over my head and hit the poster on the wall above my bed. I didn't stop jacking till the tingling in my gut dissipated. Then I wiped off on the towel I kept under the bed, threw on shorts and a T-shirt, and jogged over to Matt's house.

“Hey, Jim, I thought you'd gone back to sleep,” Matt ribbed me, pounding my biceps with his fist. I flexed the cannonball-size muscle, and he poked at it again. “You're gonna love this new video, buddy. The babes on the box are really hot.” He flipped me the box with a glossy picture of two busty broads crouched in front of a man with an enormous piece of meat.

“*The French Lesson*, huh? Real classy.” I tossed the box back to Matt and followed him down to the basement. He wasn't wearing a shirt, and the skin of his tanned, muscular back looked like silk. Shit, if I didn't concentrate on something else, I'd be popping a boner before I hit the bottom of the steps.

Matt handed me a beer and shed his shorts, then sprawled out on the couch, his long legs spread wide. “Man, I'm horny,” he groaned, scratching his low-hanging testicles.

“Me too,” I agreed, turning away and putting the beer can against the base of my dick. The cold metal shrank it up a little, at least for the time being. I kicked my shorts aside and joined Matt on the couch. We shot the shit while we drank, talking about football and complaining about how none of the girls we ran around with would put out. The truth was that we didn't date much. We were more interested in football and potential college scholarships than we were in getting too hot and heavy with some chick and taking the risk of having to get married.

“Let's get this show on the road, man.” Matt fired up the VCR, and the two women pictured on the box strolled into a classroom with a tall, dark-haired man. They pretended to study for a few minutes, and then the action started heating up.

"Not bad," I grunted, my dick already starting to rise. This was because Matt's shoulder was rubbing against me and his knee was touching mine. But of course I didn't tell him that. He looked at me, grinned, and shook his head.

"You sure are one horny fucker," he chuckled. "They're not even out of their clothes yet."

"They will be," I protested, my eyes scanning the swell of his chest and the dip of his concave belly. His dick was still hanging down limply, nestled between his golden thighs. I looked back at the screen to avoid getting too hot too soon.

"Jesus, Jim, look at that." The two women had stripped and were getting the guy all hot and bothered by rubbing their tits all over his chest. His eyes were closed, and you could see something stirring down the leg of his pants. I glanced over at Matt and noticed that his dick was finally starting to stretch. I squeezed mine tightly around the base, and a drop of clear lube oozed up through the pucker of my foreskin.

Within a couple of minutes, one of the women had started licking the guy's cock. He was hung like a horse, and every lick she gave it made it grow even bigger. When she locked her lips around the crown and started bobbing her head rapidly back and forth, Matt practically jumped up off the couch.

"Shit, that must feel good."

"That dude sure as hell seems to be getting off on it," I agreed, glancing surreptitiously at Matt's crotch.

"Oh, man!" The other woman was now working the guy's thick shaft, licking up and down and nuzzling his fat nuts. "Damn, that's making me hot!" I glanced at Matt again—he was getting this flush on his torso, and I could see little beads of sweat forming on his upper lip. My prick jerked against my palm and squirted a line of honey up across my belly hair.

"Getting pretty juicy, buddy," Matt chuckled, nudging me in the ribs with his elbow.

"Yeah. I wonder how it would feel to have a pair of lips locked around the end of my horn. I'd sure like to find out." I shucked my skin up over my knob, a move that pulled my hairy nuts onto the shaft. It felt good—almost too good. I stretched my legs straight out in front of me, and Matt draped one of his sleek thighs over mine. This was something he did every once in a while during our JO sessions, and it drove me crazy. I didn't have the nerve to push the contact any farther, but I sure as hell wanted to.

"Jeez, Jim, I'm getting really horny. Hell, if you had the nerve, I'd let you suck my cock." I jerked my head around to look at Matt. I'd seen that expression before—he was dead serious.

"What?" My heart started pounding, and I could feel the hairs on my balls prickling. "Is that a challenge?" We'd been challenging each other since we were kids, usually to do something like jump off the roof of the garage or steal Mr. Dugan's tomatoes. Matt hadn't challenged me for years, though, and I wondered if he remembered the seriousness of the old ritual.

"Yeah. That's right, Jim. It's a challenge. I'm saying you're chicken to do it." His voice wavered slightly, and I could feel the muscles in his thigh tensing. When I glanced over at him, his face was scarlet, and I could have sworn he looked afraid. Could he possibly want it as much as I did? No, that was impossible. Still, the challenge had been issued, and I wasn't going to back down.

"I'll show you who's chicken," I growled, slipping off the couch and kneeling between his outspread legs. "You know the rules." If a guy was challenged and didn't take

the dare, he was chicken. If the challenger didn't follow through, though, he was chickenshit—which was much, much worse.

"I know," he gulped. I moved in close and put my hands on Matt's hips, pulling him toward me till his butt was hanging over the edge of the cushions. His crotch smelled wonderful—a heady combination of ball sweat and the musky scent guys give off when they're all turned on. I lowered my head and tentatively touched my lips to the base of his cock shaft. My buddy groaned, and a big drop of juice oozed out of his come hole. I got this sudden urge to taste it, so I licked up his stalk and captured the gooey drop on the tip of my tongue. It was sticky and sweet, and it made my own dick jab me in the belly.

"Damn, Jim, that feels wild!" Matt cooed, his head rolling against the back of the sofa. I swirled my tongue around the rim of his swollen crown, then tickled the mass of nerves at the end of his shaft. He gasped, and his left hand fluttered down, coming to rest on my shoulder. I did it again, and his hips bucked up strongly, jabbing his meat against my cheek.

Taking Matt's cock into my mouth for the first time was a hell of a rush. It throbbed against my tongue, twitching

"Yeah. I wonder how it would feel to have a pair of lips locked around the end of my horn. I'd sure like to find out."

wildly, feeling hot as fire. I tightened my lips and started shaking my head slowly from side to side. Matt bucked again, and his knob poked out against my cheek, jamming a couple more inches of his cock into my mouth. My hands slid down over his thighs, then back up till my fingers were splayed out on his hard belly and my thumbs were brushing his tightly knotted balls. I started rubbing them, and his hand slipped up to my neck, pulling me close. I scooted in till my chest was mashed against Matt's ass, and he draped his long golden legs over my shoulders. His grip on my neck tightened until his cock was battering the back of my throat.

"Swallow it deep, buddy," he pleaded. "Oh, man, come on and suck my cock. Suck it hard." I did the best I could, my head bobbing up and down as I used my lips and tongue along every inch of his meat. The size, the shape, the taste—everything about slurping on Matt's cock felt good to me. I got so excited, I rammed my head down till my nose was buried in his blond bush. I sort of choked and spluttered a little at first, but I wanted it so badly that I quickly got over that. I just relaxed the muscles in my throat, trying to make them conform to the throbbing hardness of my best friend's prick.



As long as I kept up the pressure on his tool, Matt would let me do anything to him. I touched him everywhere—massaging his ass, stroking his belly, and pressing my sweaty palms against his hard pecs. It was as if putting him in my mouth had given me special rights to his whole body. His hands were pressed to the sides of my head now, and he was stroking my neck with his long fingers, muttering incoherently.

I knew he was getting close to popping his rocks, because he started pumping his hips faster and his rod was flexing like crazy. I redoubled my efforts, slurping noisily. His heels dug into my back, and his breath was coming in wheezing gasps. His knob flared up hard and tight, and I could feel his juice tube swelling against my lower lip.

"Jim!" Matt howled, and my mouth was filled with hot, thick liquid. The first shot ran down my chin before I could stop it, but the next blast squirted right down my throat. It had a rich, nutty taste—sort of weird but sexy as hell. I swallowed eagerly as Matt squirted jism into my mouth again and again. I didn't stop sucking till he shuddered and pushed my head away.

"My turn," he grinned. "No way am I gonna let you call me chickenshit." I scrambled up onto the couch, and Matt knelt between my hard, hairy thighs. He grabbed my steely dick and pried it away from my belly. He pulled my foreskin up over my knob and pinched the tender flesh gently. Then he licked his sticky fingers and lowered his head. The moment his tongue flickered out and made contact, I knew that getting a blow job had to be the greatest sensation in the whole world.

He nipped at the crinkly covering that capped my cock till it turned all red and puffy, then surprised the shit out of me by sucking the little sleeve up over his tongue. It wasn't something I'd ever thought of, but it felt great. Once he was firmly plugged in, he started jabbing at my piss slit with the tip of his tongue, making the hairs on my body stand on end.

"Damn, buddy, you ever do this before?" I marveled when he suddenly lunged and swallowed me down to the root.

"Nope," he said, looking up at me as he licked my dick like a stick of candy. "But I've dreamed about it long enough." He winked at me and ran both hands up my torso to my pecs. I looked down at him and grinned goofily as he started pinching my tits. This was un-fucking-believable! "Besides, I watched that dumb video twice last night just so I could see how it was done."

"You're kidding," I blurted.

"You want to bet? What do you think of this?" I tensed as he ducked again and swallowed both my balls, rolling them around in his mouth. The pressure of his tongue against the sensitive surface of my nuts was one of the most intense feelings I'd ever experienced.

My buddy licked down below my balls, turning me on to areas of my body I'd never even thought about before. All the time he was rooting around down between my legs, his hand was steadily jacking my cock, pushing me closer and closer to the edge. Every time I thought I was there, Matt would suddenly take his hand away, delaying the release I wanted so desperately.

The one time I tried to pump it myself, Matt glared at me and pinned my hand to the couch cushion. It was obvious that my cock belonged to him, at least for the moment.

He kept me hanging for a good half hour. Finally I couldn't take it any more. "My balls ache," I whined, my voice raw with my pent-up need for release. "Please let me come, man."

"I want it to last," Matt said stubbornly, licking all around my trigger without actually touching the magic spot. "You've got such a hot dick, Jimbo. It's too friggin' much. I don't want to stop playing with it."

"Hell, you know I can shoot three times during the course of one video," I reminded him. "If you don't let me shoot soon, I might get sperm poisoning."

"Good point," he agreed, diving between my legs and chowing down greedily on my bone. Once back inside that hot mouth, I was done for. I pounded Matt's broad back with my fists, every nerve in my body tingling as I started blowing it out. It was like the whole thing was happening in slow motion. I felt his hands tighten on my thighs, and as I looked down along my torso, I could see the hairs on my body lifting up and standing high. My thick tits were puffed out like pencil erasers, tingling almost as much as

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the end of my cock. My buddy's face was streaming sweat, and the muscles in his throat were working frantically as he swallowed everything I pumped out. He was as greedy as I had been, and he didn't let up till I pried him away and pulled him up onto the couch beside me.

"Glad we got that out in the open," Matt said. "I really hoped you wouldn't freak when you found out I was gay."

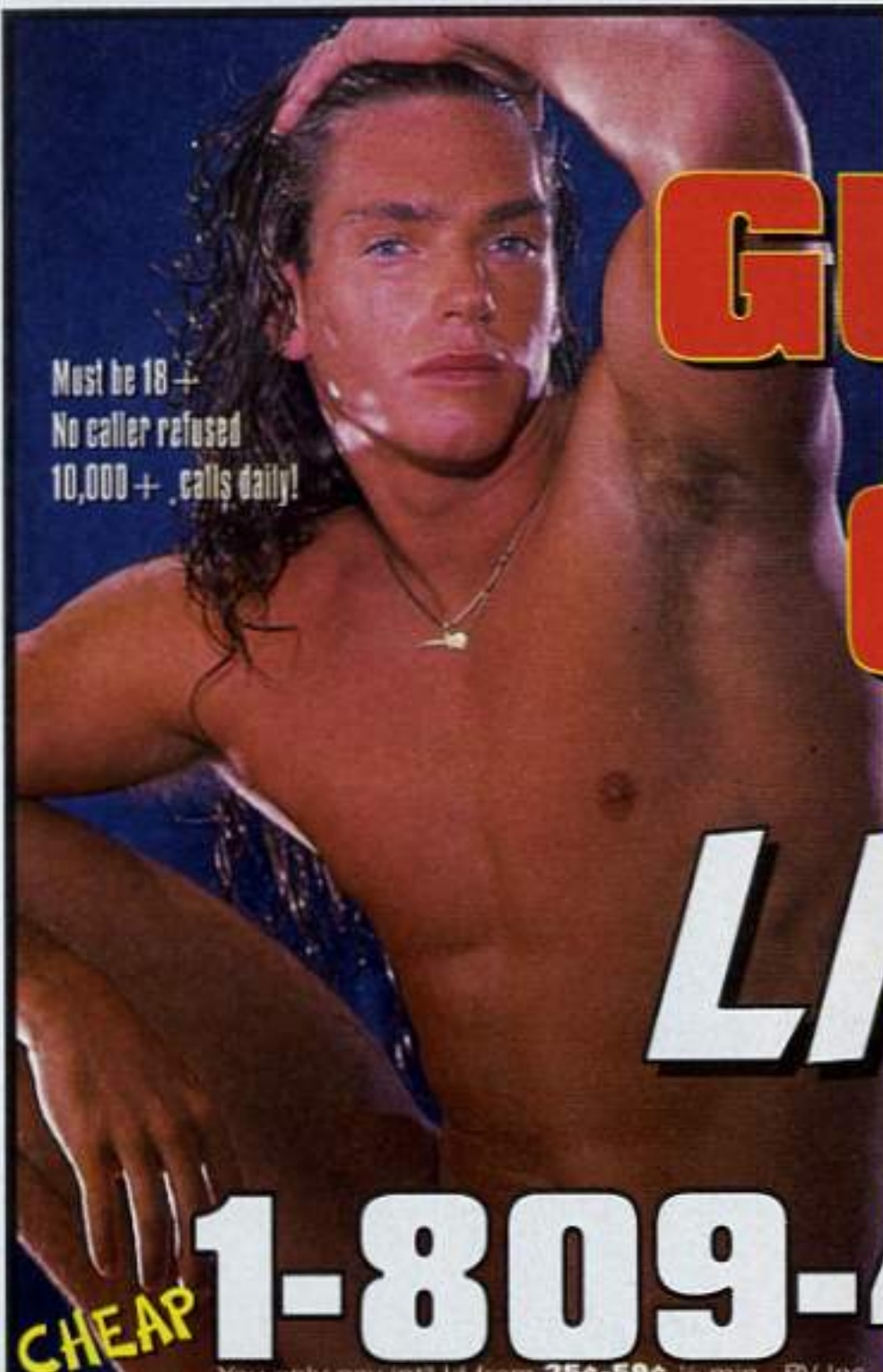
"How'd you know about me, man? I was always trying to be so cool about it."

"Let's just say that if you want something badly enough, you'll finally get up the nerve to take the risk." Matt reached over and put his hand on my belly. "I've been wanting you real bad for a long time, buddy."

"Me too. I'm just sorry it took us so long to get around to it," I replied, stroking his sleek thigh.

"Pretty cool feeling, huh?" Matt asked, throwing an arm over my shoulders.

"Not bad for an amateur," I shrugged. Matt took a poke at me, and next thing I knew, we were wrestling. Then, somehow, the little shit got my head in a leg lock, and I was faced with another one of his hard-ons. Under the circumstances there was only one thing for me to do—rise to the challenge again. ●



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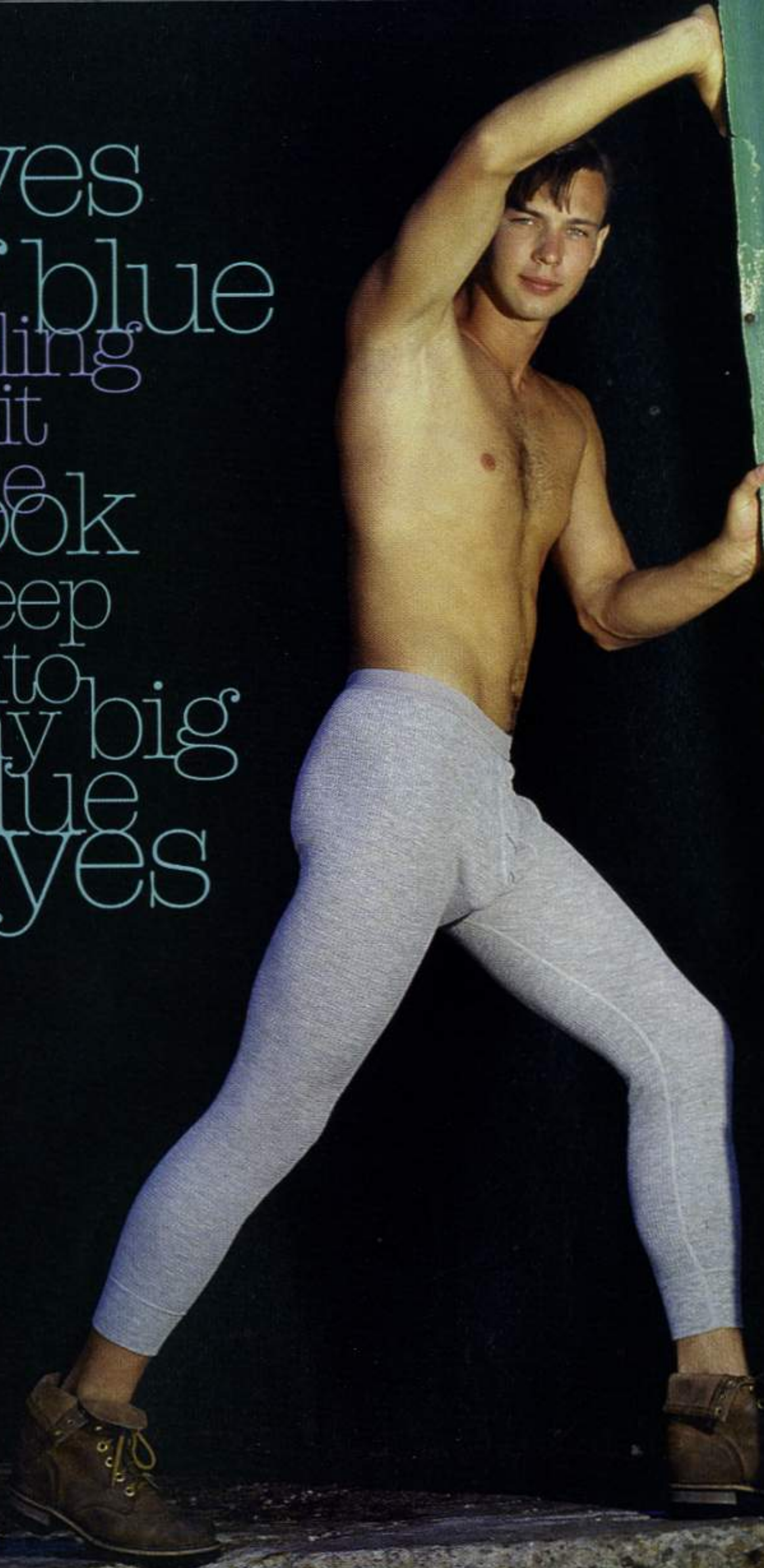
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PR1343

little boy blue
blue boy big
blue
eyes

Model:
Jerry Robinson
Photography:
Keefer/Studio 1435

eyes
of blue
feeling
a bit
blue
look
deep
into
my big
blue
eyes

















THAT TO IT

PART 2

BY
MALCOLM
ROBERTS

Tommy, just 18 and

completely naked save for a leather dog collar, helped his equally nude pledge brother Brad to his feet. Like Tommy, Brad had been divested of all pubic hair and had had Greek letters painted on his trim but well-defined chest.

"Holy cripes, Brad, what are we gonna do now?" Tommy asked miserably. The Lambda Delta Pi freshmen had been the victims of a notorious fraternity initiation ritual known as "The Ride" and were now stranded miles from State University, without clothing, wallets, identification—school or otherwise—or a dime to call any friends fortunate enough to own automobiles.

"We have until sunup to get back to the frat house," Brad reminded Tommy. "All we have to do is find a backyard clothesline, swipe some duds, and hitchhike back to campus."

Tommy shuddered, remembering the first and only time he'd hitchhiked and how he'd been tricked into a sex party with three other youths (albeit attractive ones). "I hope we have enough time," Tommy said. "This has been the strangest night of my life. I had no idea the Lambdas were so... queer." He blushed at his own word choice.

"Oh, come off it, Tom. I haven't had this much fun since Mardi Gras," Brad confessed. "Those sick bastards actually made Chad wank me off! Can you believe that?"

"That's incest!" Tommy exclaimed, horrified. Chad was Brad's twin brother, identical except for their penises—Chad's was cut, Brad's wasn't.

"Oh, not really. Let's start walking," Brad suggested. They kept to the side of the road so as to be able to duck into the trees if any cars passed. They hadn't gone 500 yards when they spotted a house set back from the road. A new Ford Falcon was pulling into the driveway. They watched as a young man got out of the car and entered the house. "Great!" Brad said, nudging Tommy with his forearm. "We'll ask the guy to use the phone and call Professor Norbert to pick us up."

"I thought he quit. Because of Frank, remember?" Tommy replied, though he figured Brad couldn't have possibly forgotten Tommy's former roommate, especially since both Chad and Brad, as well as Tommy, had enjoyed a rather animated sexual interlude with the burly sophomore weight lifter just weeks prior to Frank's unexpectedly dropping out of school—a disappearance that coincided with the beginning of kinesiology professor Norbert's unplanned sabbatical.

"We still keep in touch. Anyway, come on." They made their way across the dewy lawn to the front door. Brad knocked. Half a minute later a handsome dark-haired man

in his late 20s answered. He stared at the naked pledges.

"Let me guess. Frat initiation?"

"Yes, sir. Lambda Delta Pi," Tommy hastened to explain.

"I can see that," the man smirked, referring to the Greek letters that adorned each student's chest. "Are you sure you're old enough to be in college?" the man laughed, gesturing toward their bald private areas. "I'm just joshin'. My name's Peter South. Come on in, we'll get you some clothes, then I'll drive you back to campus." He led them into the modern ranch-style home. "My wife's off visiting her folks, so I figured I'd put in some extra time at the office. Lucky for you two I decided to come home." He showed Tommy and Brad to a room that looked like a study. "I've got some old clothes in the closet here. Help yourselves. You kids must be freezing. I'll fix us some brandies." He closed the study door.

"There's something about that guy I don't trust," Brad said as Tommy rummaged through the closet.

"He seems nice enough," Tommy remarked.

"Yeah, too nice. I'm calling Norbert," Brad picked up the phone, then a look of shock came over his face. He covered the mouthpiece and waved Tommy over. They listened to Peter on the extension.

"OK, Bud. I can keep them here an hour. You're not going to believe these two. Prime-cut Lambda pledge meat. You and the guys can hold them for ransom all weekend. Think of the fun. See you in an hour." Peter hung up.

"Was that Bud Jones he was talking to? He's president of Kappa Kappa Gamma!" Brad whispered. Kappa was the sworn archrival fraternity of Lambda Delta Pi.

"Look," Tommy said, pointing to a plaque on the study wall. "They *are* Kappas! And Mr. Peter South was president—class of 1957!"

"Let's nab him," Brad said. There was a knock, and the door opened.

"Hey, men. I thought you'd be dressed by now. But we can kick back and have a drink first, I guess." He had three snifters on a serving tray.

"Yeah, what's in them? Knockout drops?" Brad asked defiantly.

"Get him, Brad!" Tommy shouted. They leaped at Peter, who dropped the tray and tried to bolt, but the two nude freshmen tackled him, dropping him to the carpet.

"You dirty Kappa fink. We're gonna teach you a lesson," Brad threatened. As Tommy pinned Peter to a Naugahyde

sofa, the angry twin removed first his own dog collar and then his blond pledge mate's. They made fast work of stripping Peter naked, running their hands greedily all over his chiseled, slightly hairy physique. Brad tied Peter's hands and ankles together with the leather collars.

"What are you going to do to me?" Peter pleaded. "Stop! I'll scream!"

"No one'll hear you," Brad taunted. "We're in the middle of nowhere. Now shut up and suck some Lambda dick. Tommy, give it to him." Tommy hesitated, a tad uncomfortable with taking part in a rape, but Peter himself seized Tommy's erection with his lips and swallowed it. "And while you're at it," Brad added, "how 'bout a nice uncut poombah right up your tight, pretty ass!"

Brad shoved Peter's muscular buttocks apart, spat on his pucker, then began to insert his cock. Peter groaned and sucked Tommy harder. The blond teen's hips flexed in and out as he savored the hot, saliva-drenched depths of Peter's handsome face. Watching Brad ruthlessly penetrate their devious host was a delicious visual stimulus as well. Again and again the towheaded pledge speared Peter's hungry mouth as Brad thrust into the man's defenseless ass. Peter slithered back and forth, impaled at each end by rigid teenage manhood, urging the young pledges toward violent orgasms.

"I'm ready to shoot! Are you?" Brad demanded. Tommy could only nod, speechless with ecstasy. They withdrew from Peter's orifices and flipped him over. Brad grabbed Peter's turgid penis and pressed it against his own, stroking them together while Tommy continued to feed the conquered Kappa his tingling, erect member.

Peter convulsed, his mouth full of Tommy, and ejaculated a thick stream of white semen over his own rippled chest and stomach just as Brad's hefty uncircumcised penis spewed several tablespoons onto Peter's face. Tommy felt those sticky droplets shower his own stomach and quickly whipped himself out of Peter's mouth, stroking his throbbing endowment to a fiery climax, gob after gob of hot sperm splattering Peter's torso.

"Now what happens?" Tommy breathlessly asked Brad.

"We gag him with these Kappa boxer shorts, throw him in his car, and take him to the Lambda house for the weekend." He took a set of keys from Peter's discarded slacks. "Here, Tommy, you drive the Falcon. I'll work on the ransom note!"

Minutes later the boys were dressed in Peter's old golf clothes and cruising through the dark of night toward campus. Peter was securely trussed, gagged, and stowed in the Ford's trunk. "I'm not really sure about driving without my license," Tommy told Brad. "What if we get stopped? I mean, we practically kidnapped poor Mr. South."

"Jesus H. Bald-headed Christ!" Brad laughed derisively. "What do you think that goon had in mind for us, Tommy? A hootenanny? He was gonna deliver our Lambda butts to the Kappa house, and they would have made us their sex slaves until they were good and tired of us." Brad noisily licked his lips as if relishing the sinister possibility. "Besides, it's Hell Weekend. The local cops tend to look the other way. You just need to relax, Tom."

With that, Tommy felt Brad's hand rummaging around his crotch, packed into Peter's tight plaid golf pants. "C-cut it out, Brad!" Tommy hesitantly took one hand off the wheel to swat at the uncircumcised twin's groping paw. He heard the zip of his own fly being forced open. A quick glance revealed Brad's other hand down his own trousers. He obviously meant business.

"You should have felt how snug and warm Peter's bung hole was," Brad panted. "What a hot lay! Wait'll I tell Chad about it—or better yet, let him have a taste of his own."

Tommy maneuvered a hairpin turn as the Falcon crossed the town line, while Brad pulled the blond pledge's 8½-inch erection through the fly and began tonguing the plump mauve head. "Brad, stop this crap right now! I'm driving, and coming and going don't mix!" Tommy insisted, blushing a bit at the coarse pun.

"Tommy, you're too much," Brad giggled. Tommy's full lips remained pursed in a pout for the remaining five minutes back to the frat house. He somehow managed to stuff his stubborn penis back into his pants with one hand before gliding the Falcon to the rear entrance of the Lambda house. Brad and Tommy went to the door and gave the secret knock. Seconds later Troy Lucas, the brutally muscular pledge master, opened the door just enough for the two freshmen to see his handsome face.

"The supplicants have returned already," Troy said. "Excellent. Enter."

"We bring an offering," Brad said quickly. He dashed to the car, opened the trunk, and dragged the nude, wildly thrashing Peter South up the back stairs.

"As I live and breathe," Troy drawled in his sexy Kentucky accent. "Peter South. Looks like Kappa's legendary superstud's gonna be paying off a very old Lambda debt." He roared with laughter and roughly smacked Peter's shapely bottom. "Lambdas, disrobe and join us in the initiation chamber."

Just then Mason Andrews, the gorgeous chapter president who'd sponsored Tommy's bid, appeared. He was clad in only skintight athletic shorts and a Lambda headband. "You supplicants captured our sworn Kappa enemy?" the hunky senior asked.

"Uh-huh," Tommy nodded excitedly.

"Sims, come with me for debriefing. Excellent work, Stephens." He clapped Brad on the shoulder, then quickly hustled Tommy up the stairs to the end of the hall to the "presidential suite." "Tommy, what you've done is amazing. Lambda Delta Pi has been after Peter South since the 1955 enema incident. This is the greatest Hell Weekend in history, and it's just beginning."

"Jeepers, Mason, I'm glad you approve. It was really Brad's—" Tommy's modest explanation was shut off by Mason's warm lips overpowering him with a deep French kiss. Despite his natural attraction to the physically flawless campus leader, Tommy was shocked silly at the foreign sensation of another man's tongue sensually exploring his moist, quivering mouth. He'd never been kissed like this, and he knew once he responded, once he threw his sturdy young arms around Mason's bare torso and plunged his own tongue into the frat president's voracious mouth, there would be no going back. Tommy would no longer be a curious towheaded adolescent harmlessly experimenting with the other fellas. He would be one. A pansy. A fruit. A nancy boy. A queen. Queer. Fighting for the pink team. *Homosexual!*

"Tommy," Mason panted after wrenching his lips from the high school football star's face. "I-I love you."

"Oh, Mason," Tommy moaned, nearly swooning into the green-eyed brunet's embrace. "I don't know what to say."

Mason gently deposited Tommy onto the large double bed and stripped the pledge down to the buff. Tommy's rigid penis seemed to actually yearn for Mason's touch, rising and falling back against his flat stomach. Tommy watched the 22-year-old peel his clingy black shorts over his lean hips, freeing his large, blunt manhood like a tight-

ly wound jack-in-the-box. Nude now except for the headband, Mason crossed to his dresser and took a bottle from one of the drawers. Then he hit a switch on the hi-fi, and the sultry crooning of Johnny Mathis filled the bedroom. Mason strode to the bed as if led by his majestically erect organ. He mounted Tommy, fondling the freshman's blond crew cut with one hand while using the other to clasp their cocks together in a throbbing conjunction of stiff desire. Tommy moaned again as Mason licked his tingling nipples, the young pledge's hands discovering the broad-muscled perfection of the older boy's shoulders.

Still thrusting against Tommy's crotch and lower belly, Mason whispered in his ear, "I know you must never have done anything like this before, so I'll be gentle," guiding his hefty penis down between Tommy's smooth buttocks. Tommy nodded silently, though he wasn't feeling all that apprehensive. After all, the way had already been paved, so to speak, several times—first by Tommy's well-endowed neighbor Mr. Buxton, then glamorous playboy Phillip Barrington, and of course, the insatiable twins Chad and Brad, who had irreverently dubbed their blond pal's bottom "Paradise Alley."

Mason hoisted Tommy's knees up toward his shoulders until the teen's hairless asshole was exposed and winking lustfully at the handsome Winter Carnival King of 1961-62. "I bought this special lubricating oil during my semester in France," Mason told Tommy, squeezing the greasy liquid onto both their penises. He placed Tommy's hand on his formidable erection and instructed the new Lambda to "grease it up!" Tommy enthusiastically complied as Mason withdrew a syringe from beneath his mattress and filled it with the mysterious French substance. Tommy felt Mason's strong index finger entering him. He instinctively relaxed his anus, only to have the finger replaced by the smooth plastic of the syringe expelling a glob of lubricant into his rectum. "Now we're ready," Mason breathed, positioning his bulbous glans against Tommy's hairless pucker.

"Make love to me, Mason," Tommy begged. With that, the BMOC invaded his teenage partner. Mason gasped at the ease with which his thick sex stick penetrated the tight, steamy orifice. He braced himself against Tommy's sturdy upright thighs and rammed into the freshman again and again, his heavy scrotum bouncing against Tommy's spread buttocks.

"You're the hottest fuck I've ever had!" Mason growled, seizing Tommy's inflamed penis with a slick hand and squeezing it like an air horn.

Tommy could feel his testicles draw in close to the base of his organ, and he shuddered with each powerful thrust Mason delivered to his anus. "God, I can't stand much more of this—" Tommy gurgled before once more having his words swallowed up by Mason's hungry kisses. This time Tommy ecstatically slurped on the senior's probing tongue, devouring his gorgeous ravisher with reckless abandon. Mason smothered Tommy's neck and ears with feathery licks and nips, all the while rhythmically masturbating the teen's rock-hard penis.

Mason withdrew the entire length of his manhood from Tommy and roughly slammed it back in, achieving maxi-

mum penetration, holding it deep within his towheaded protégé. Mason flexed his finely contoured buttocks ever so slightly as Tommy went bananas, impaled on the most ruthlessly pleasurable organ he'd ever allowed into his young passage. Tommy knew an orgasm of Armageddonlike proportions was imminent, but when Mason unexpectedly clamped his teeth onto Tommy's left nipple, the sudden geyser of pledge sperm firing onto Mason's torso shocked them both. Mason immediately began drilling Tommy's aching rectum in a frenzy, still pumping the freshman's tender organ for the last possible drops left in the boy's exhausted testes. Tommy's eyes were screwed shut, and he heard and felt nothing but a chorus of angels singing an aria in Latin while warm, golden light bathed his floating body. Then it was raining thick droplets of heavenly ambrosia—no, wait, it was Mason ejaculating onto Tommy's face. Tommy opened his eyes in time to glimpse the last volley of jizz cascading from Mason's phallus onto his lips. Before Tommy could gobble it up, Mason was licking Tommy clean and murmuring endearments. *This is what it feels like to be in love*, Tommy sighed to himself.

Then, quite suddenly, Mason was being forcefully yanked off Tommy's body. "What in Sam Hill—!?" Mason yelled. Tommy sat up and scooted to the head of the bed, terrified. In the dim light of the bedroom, Tommy could see a struggle taking place. Mason was being overpowered by an unknown assailant who had apparently entered through the open window.

"Another word, and I break your arm, Andrews!" a cruel, cocky voice warned.

"Bud Jones, you asshole Kappa son of a whore!" Mason growled, then yelped in pain as his attacker applied sadistic pressure to Mason's arm, which was now twisted dangerously behind his back.

"That's right, Mason. And tell your little butt buddy"—*He must mean me*, Tommy thought miserably—"to shut up and keep still. Now, what have you done with Peter?" Mason said nothing. "I can wait all night. In fact, we've got a lot of catching up to do." With that, Bud began to fondle Mason's muscular torso, pinching his prominent nipples before groping his substantial member, which, to Tommy's amazement, was enlarging and hardening!

"Get off the bed... turn around and grab your ankles, pledgemeat. And don't try any monkey business, or Miss Andrews here'll be jerking you off with his cast," Bud sneered.

"Don't listen to him, Tommy. *A-a-argh!*" Mason grimaced. Fearing for his friend's safety, Tommy clambered out of the damp sheets and assumed the position.

Everyone was startled to hear a knock on the door. "Mason? It's Rod. Can I come in?"

Through his spread legs Tommy could see Bud violently shaking his head no, but before Tommy could relay this to Rod, the tall blond champion lifesaver strode in, naked but for a short terry robe loosely belted around a shamelessly protruding erection. "Mason, can I borrow some of that French—" Rod stopped short when he saw Tommy's unclothed body, positioned to afford an immodest view of the freshman's splayed-open rear end. *Damn that friggin' Bud Jones straight to hell*, Tommy thought ferociously before

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heedlessly screaming, "Rod! Behind you! Look out!"

Rod spun around and ducked away from the empty champagne bottle Bud had intended for Rod's skull. With his other arm the evil Kappa president held Mason in a headlock, but Mason elbowed Bud in the stomach and was soon joined by Tommy and Rod in wrestling the 6-foot-4, 235-pound intruder to the bed.

"Bud Jones! How sweet of you to drop by!" Rod taunted sarcastically. He bounced his still-rigid penis against Bud's angry face.

"This douche bag bruised the shit out of my handball arm! He needs to be punished," proclaimed Mason, his organ now fully swollen.

Tommy looked down at his own groin, startled to see he was as aroused as his frat brothers. "Let's take off his clothes!"

"Good idea!" Mason agreed with a wink. Bud, trying futilely to protest through the stray athletic sock Rod had shoved in his mouth, thrashed and bucked like a rodeo bull, but six determined Lambda hands soon had his massively muscled body stripped down to the nude. Bud's proportionately enormous penis throbbed tumescently, jutting up at an angle that put it mere inches from Tommy's face. "I forgot what a horse cock this doofus has," Mason said, flicking a finger at Bud's meaty scrotal sac.

Rod had an idea. "Let's take him down to the initiation chamber. I'm sure his mentor, Peter South, will be real glad to see him."

Mason lashed Bud's wrists together with another sock, and the three forced him down two flights of stairs to the frat-house rec room, transformed by candelabra, black drapes, and classical music into the eerie center of Hell Weekend's pledge hazing. Kneeling in the center of a circle of six naked, beer-guzzling Lambdas (including Chad and Brad), his head shaved Marine Corps-style and his trim body similarly shorn of hair from every possible location, Peter South went from one erect penis to the next, his open mouth drooling saliva as he attempted to manually and orally satisfy all six young men. Since the kidnapped former Kappa leader had only two hands and one mouth, some of the students in the circle were obliged to stimulate each other as they waited for Pete's attention to revolve around to them again.

Suddenly, unable to control himself, Troy Lucas seized Peter by the shoulders and dragged him from the group. "Enough teasin', boy. I'm going to fuck that pretty ass six ways to Sunday!" And he commenced doing just that, to the frustrated jeers and catcalls of the other Lambdas.

"Don't worry, men! There's plenty of firm Kappa butt to go around!" Mason announced, shoving Bud Jones at the remaining circle. When the Lambdas realized the strapping godlike physique being offered them belonged to their archrival Bud, their delighted whoops of victory drowned out the grunts, moans, and obscenities issuing from Peter.

Still gagged, Bud was helpless as greedy hands toyed with his brawny naked body, particularly his almost freakishly huge penis. Chad and Brad were on their knees tormenting the organ with kisses and tongue lashes, while other actives roughly caressed Bud's steely nipples and massively developed pecs. Rod was behind the captive Kappa, slapping his magnificent rear over and over.

"Human sacrifice! Human sacrifice!" Joel, who resembled a hairy Desi Arnaz, began to chant. Soon everyone in the room had taken up the call, and Bud found himself bent over a chair, his sturdy ankles tied to the legs and his beefy forearms roped to a second chair. His asshole was partially visible between his half-spread buttocks, absolute-

ly at the mercy of the army of lustful Lambda penises. Joel was the first. Rod massaged a handful of suntan lotion onto his brother's extra-thick seven inches, and Joel then inserted into Bud's defenseless orifice. Bud was making crazed sounds, so Mason ordered the sock removed.

"O-o-oh, Mother of Christ, fuck me! Fuck me like a beast!" the Kappa president groaned.

"We're giving the orders here, not you!" a very assertive Chad piped in, grabbing a handful of Bud's short black hair and stuffing his large penis into the prisoner's mouth.

Joel, panting and sputtering with ecstasy, withdrew from Bud's rectum and sprayed semen across the Kappa's back in a wet, wild arc. He was immediately pushed aside by Brad and Ned, who reached a compromise about who was next in line by shoving both their uncircumcised organs into Bud simultaneously, causing Bud's mammoth penis to spasmodically sway and twitch. Peter, covered from forehead to feet with Troy's ejaculate, was commanded to suckle Bud's phallus and ravenously set himself to the task, though he could swallow only two thirds of the gigantic meat.

Tommy watched from the sidelines. Mason was behind him, playfully grabbing Tommy's nipples, penis, and balls. He felt Mason's burgeoning manhood hot against his pert buttocks and pressed backward into him, gasping as Troy marched over to Bud, whose asshole now oozed at least four different flavors of Lambda sperm, with a towering black dildo—much like the one Jeb and Butch had introduced up Tommy's rectum the previous August.

Troy and Chad coated the Greek letter-emblazoned device with suntan oil, then positioned it at Bud's "back door." Peter was pried off Bud's massive member and handcuffed in a corner. "Let the sacrifice of Dionysus begin!" Rod proclaimed, giving Troy the signal to begin penetration. The assembled Lambdas were speechless as Bud's apparently elastic ass swallowed inch after inch of the ceremonial dildo, his own huge endowment throbbing at the height of hardness. The latex invader was almost entirely inserted when Bud could hold back no longer. He spurted seven heavy shots of semen to thunderous Lambda applause.

Brad slapped Bud on the back and yanked out the dildo. "Anyone for seconds?" the mischievous twin asked, fingering Bud's anus playfully. From the many wagging erections in the room, the answer was obviously yes.

"What about you, Tommy? Don't you want to help punish Bud?" Mason asked.

"No, I'd rather be with you!" the towheaded teen shamelessly confessed.

"Then let's take a walk," Mason suggested, tousling the freshman's crew cut affectionately. They found some shorts and T-shirts to pull on and set off down the dark street, shyly holding hands.

"It's a beautiful night, Tommy. But it will be morning soon. Tell me I'll find you sleeping beside me—all semester long." Mason's eyes blazed with romance.

Tommy threw his arms around the senior. "Golly, Mason... I-I love you! The answer is yes! It is a beautiful night. And just look at that star. It's twinkling just for us." He pointed to the sky.

But the "star" in question was more than just twinkling. It was flashing red and blue and very definitely moving closer. It was filling the sky!

"That's no star—that's a flying saucer!" Mason screamed. And suddenly a shaft of purple light beamed down, enveloping the two young lovers. Just as suddenly it disappeared. And so had Tommy and Mason. ●

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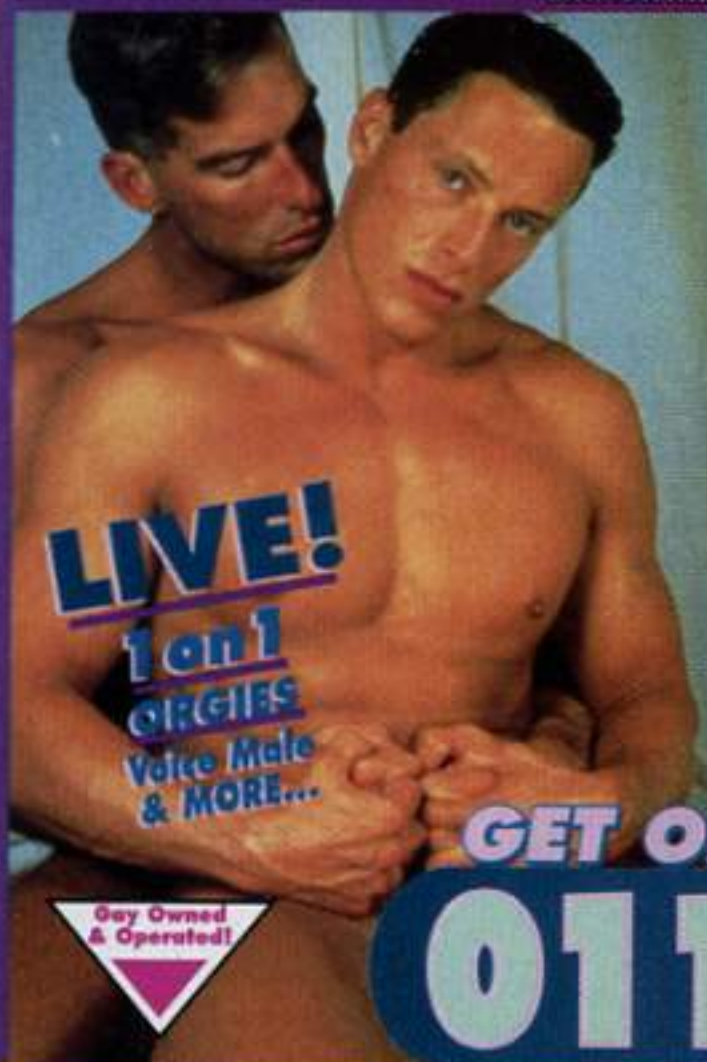
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When Dad was in the service, he was stationed in Czechoslovakia for a while and made friends with a couple there who had a kid about the same time as Mom had me here. Dad stayed friends with them over the years and would send them pictures of us, and they would send pictures from their vacations and stuff. Just as I was getting older and bigger and hair was growing on me in funny places, this guy in another country was going through the same stuff. Dad always talked about us going there one day, but it turned out that they would visit us first.

Since Kamil and I were both 18 now, it was decided that we were old enough to stay alone in the safety of the suburbs while my parents and his parents went off for a couple of days to Atlantic City for adult fun. Kamil, who had been kind of quiet and mild-mannered up until that point, became wild and out of control the minute our parents left. He smoked and drank my parents' wine. He started wearing little if any clothing around the house and seemed to not be able to keep his hands off his crotch. He decided we should sunbathe without a stitch of clothing on out on the patio. I was nervous about the neighbors, but they weren't around, and besides, Kamil kept getting kind of hard, lying around naked like that. I got kind of hard in turn, and he laughed and waved his big uncut cock at me. I had never seen a hooded one like that before, and so I was really curious. He saw me looking intently and told me to come over to the lounge and get a better look. It smelled different, and he suggested I touch the head and the foreskin to see what it was like.

Soon I was stroking his cock up and down; it was solid steel with a velvet slipcover. He jerked my cut cock for a few moments and then scowled, "Cut cocks need to be all wet to give good jerk." With that he bent over my lap and drooled a big wad of spit on my dick. Then he swabbed the spit around with his tongue, and I went nuts. I heard a muffled laugh, and suddenly he was down to the base, gobbling up all of me.

Well, I had to have some of that too, and Kamil sprawled back on the lounge and spread his legs. He smirked at me from under his hat and urged me down onto his big uncut cock until it poked the back of my throat.

We had a lot of adult fun ourselves that weekend.















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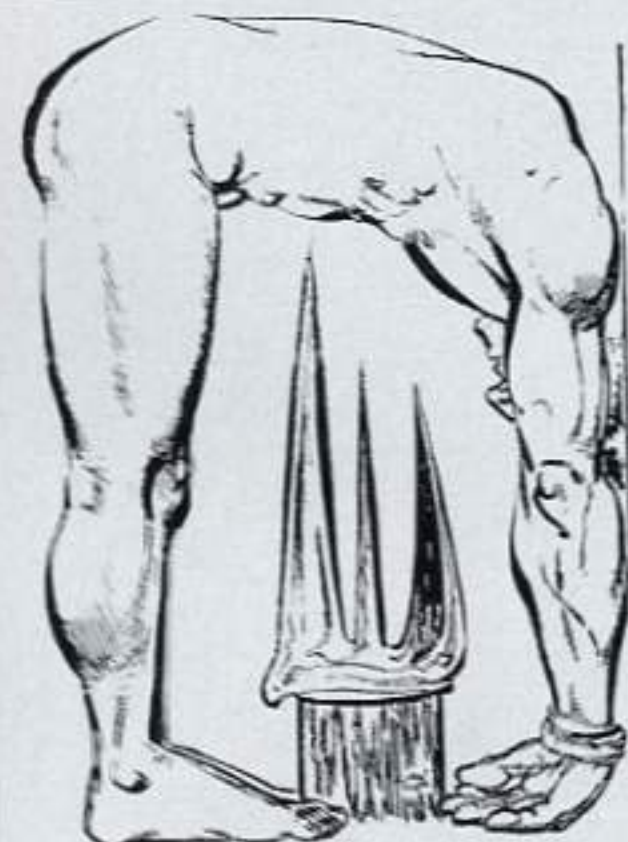


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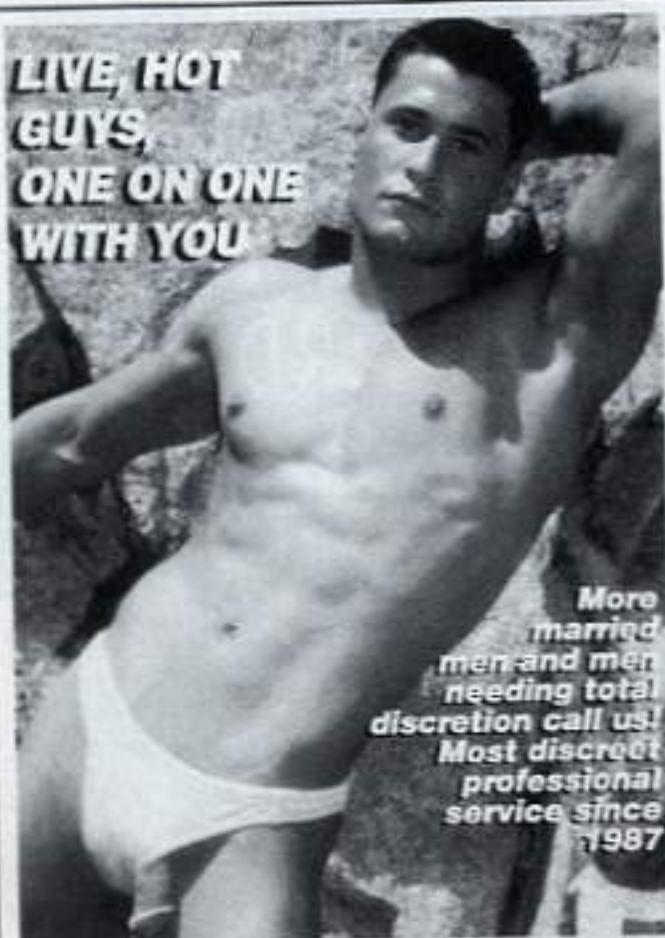
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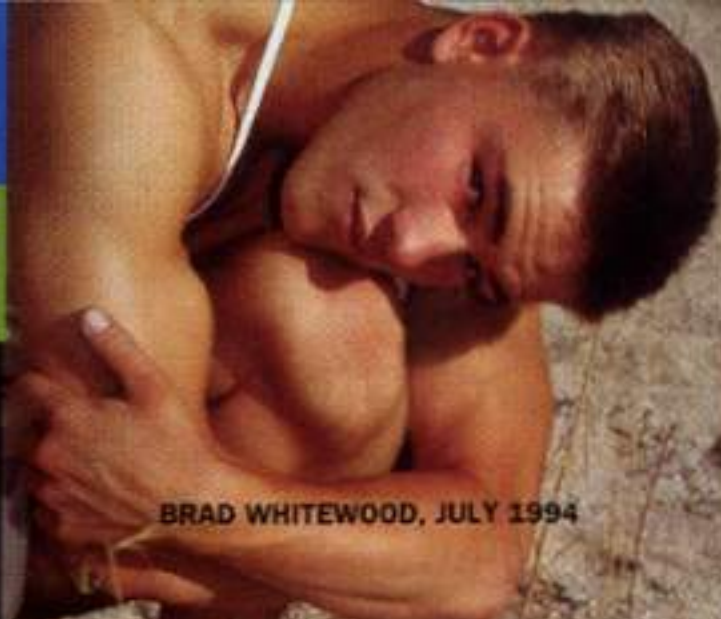
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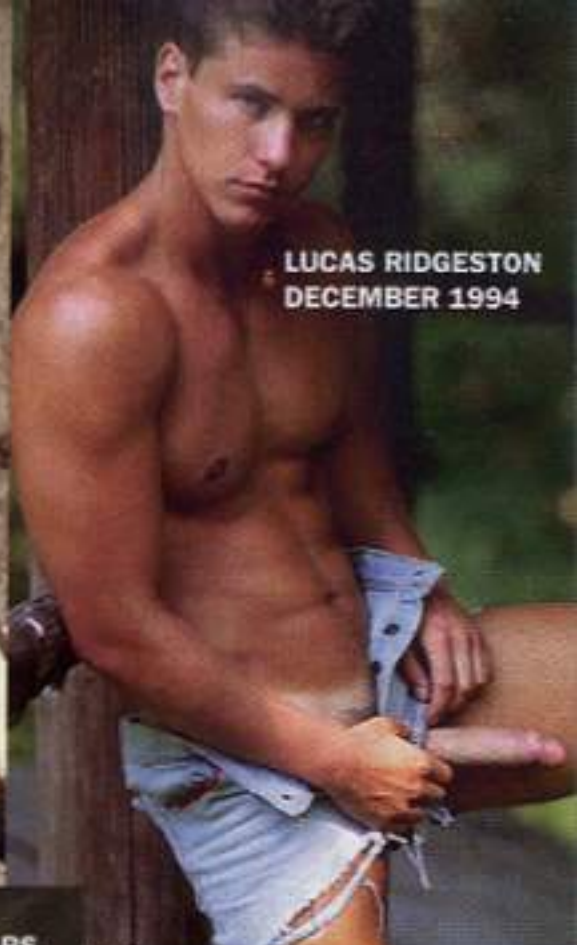
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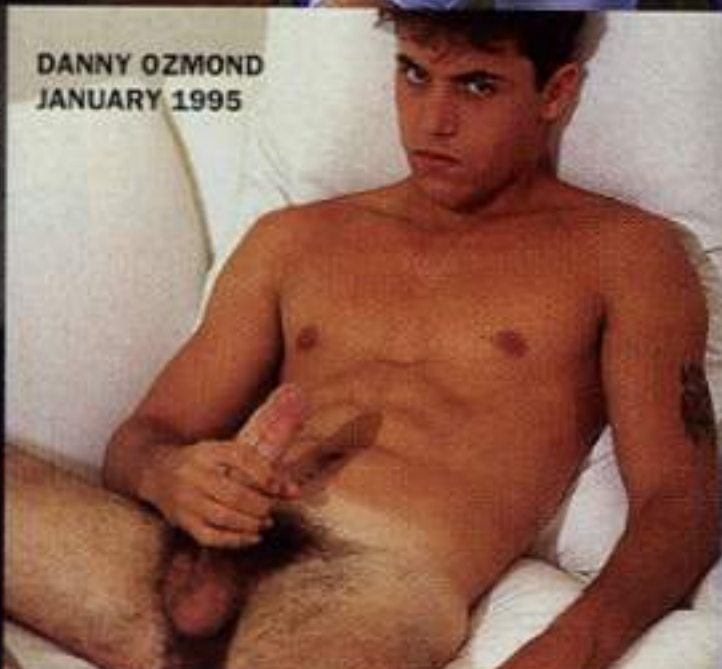
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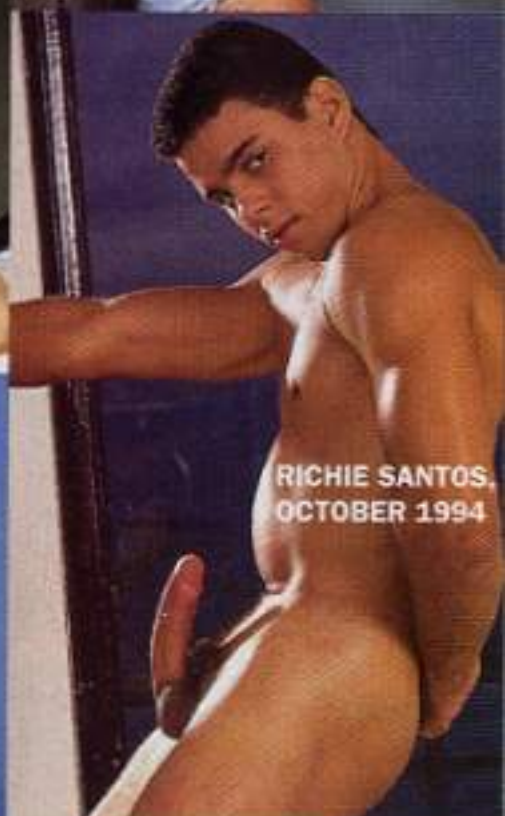
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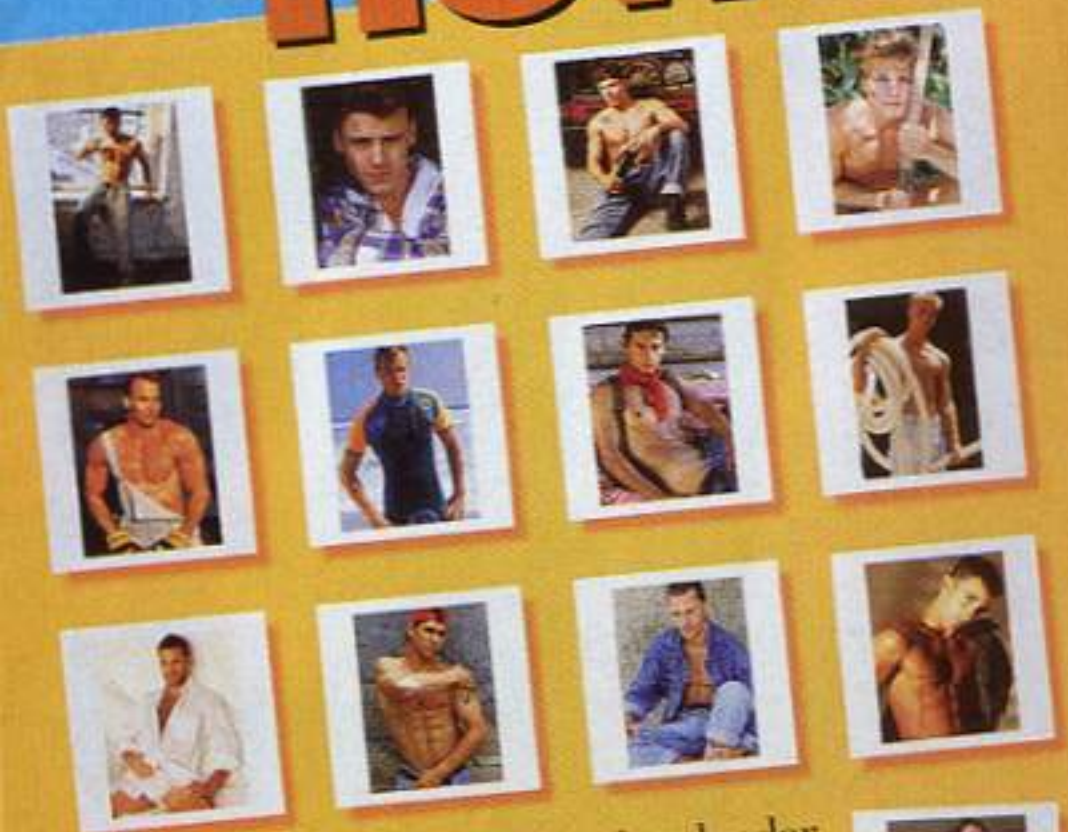
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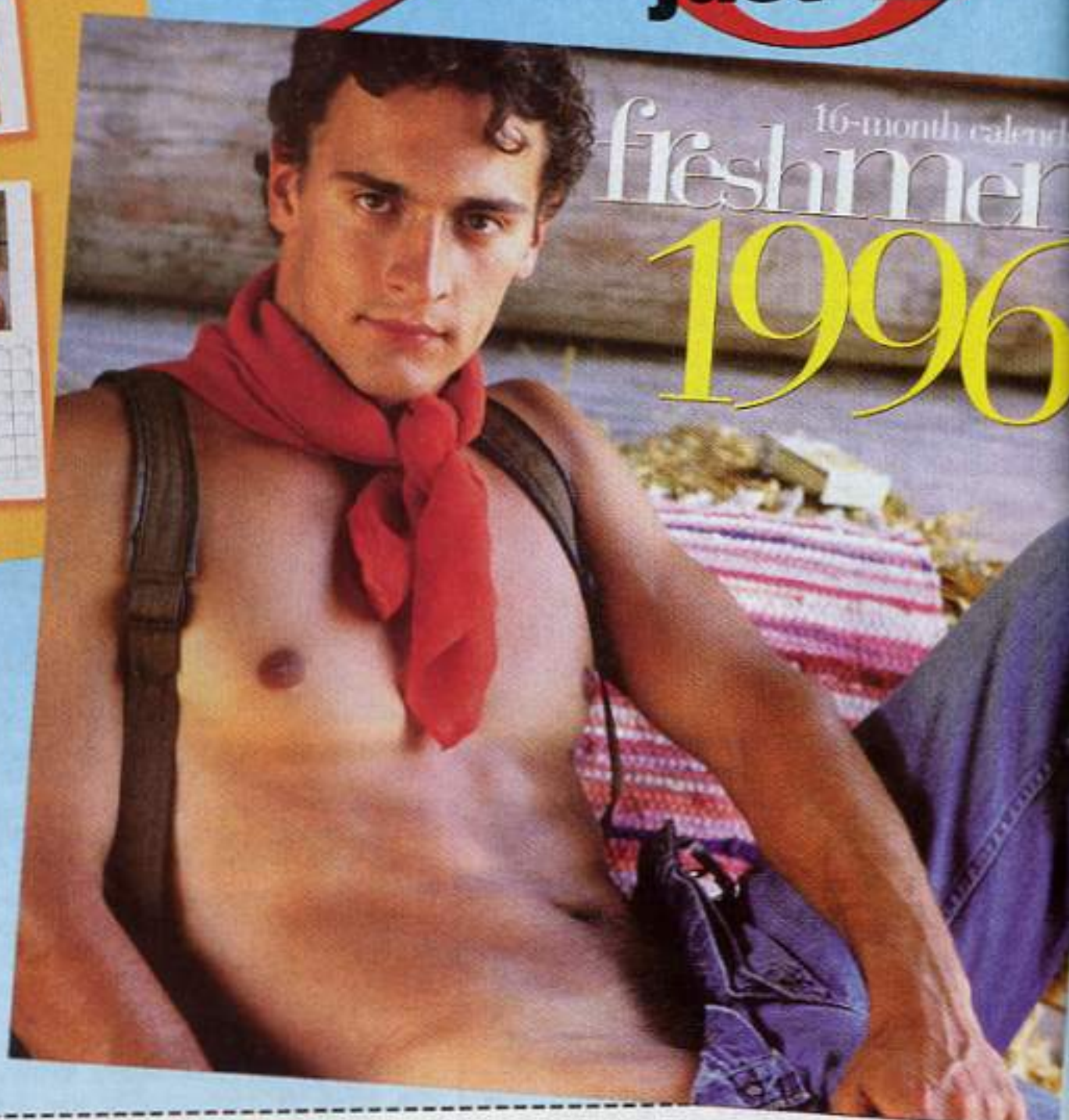
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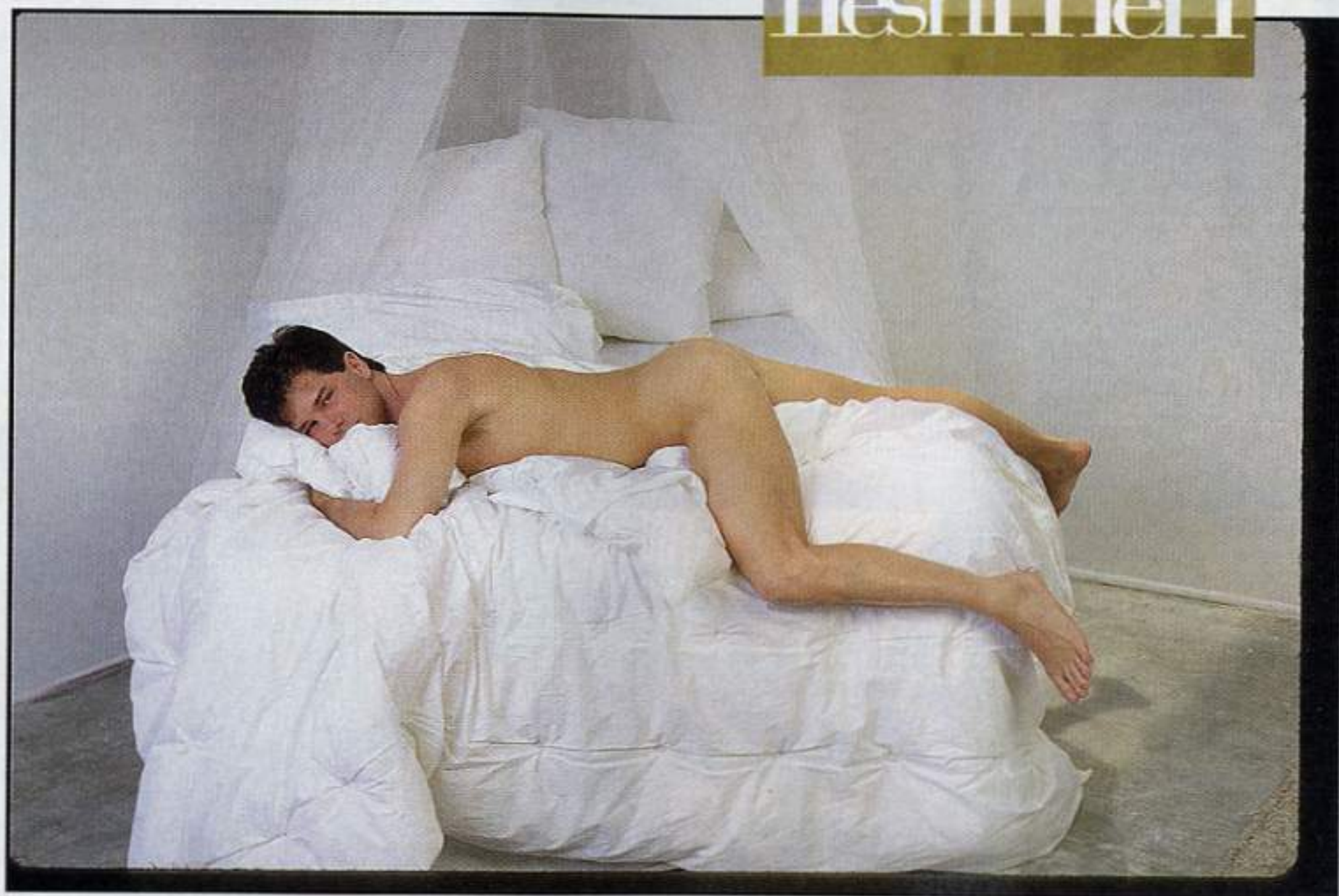
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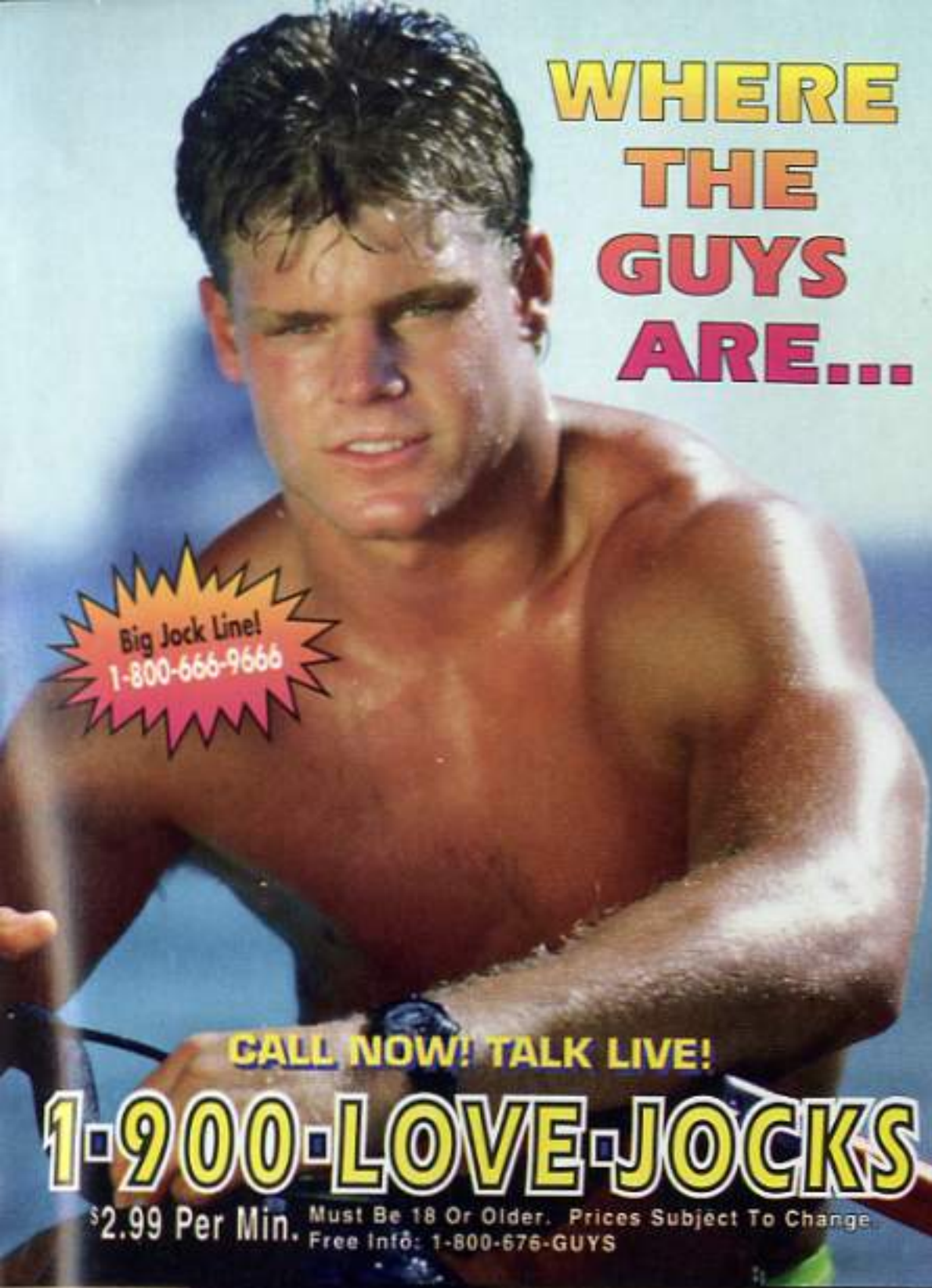
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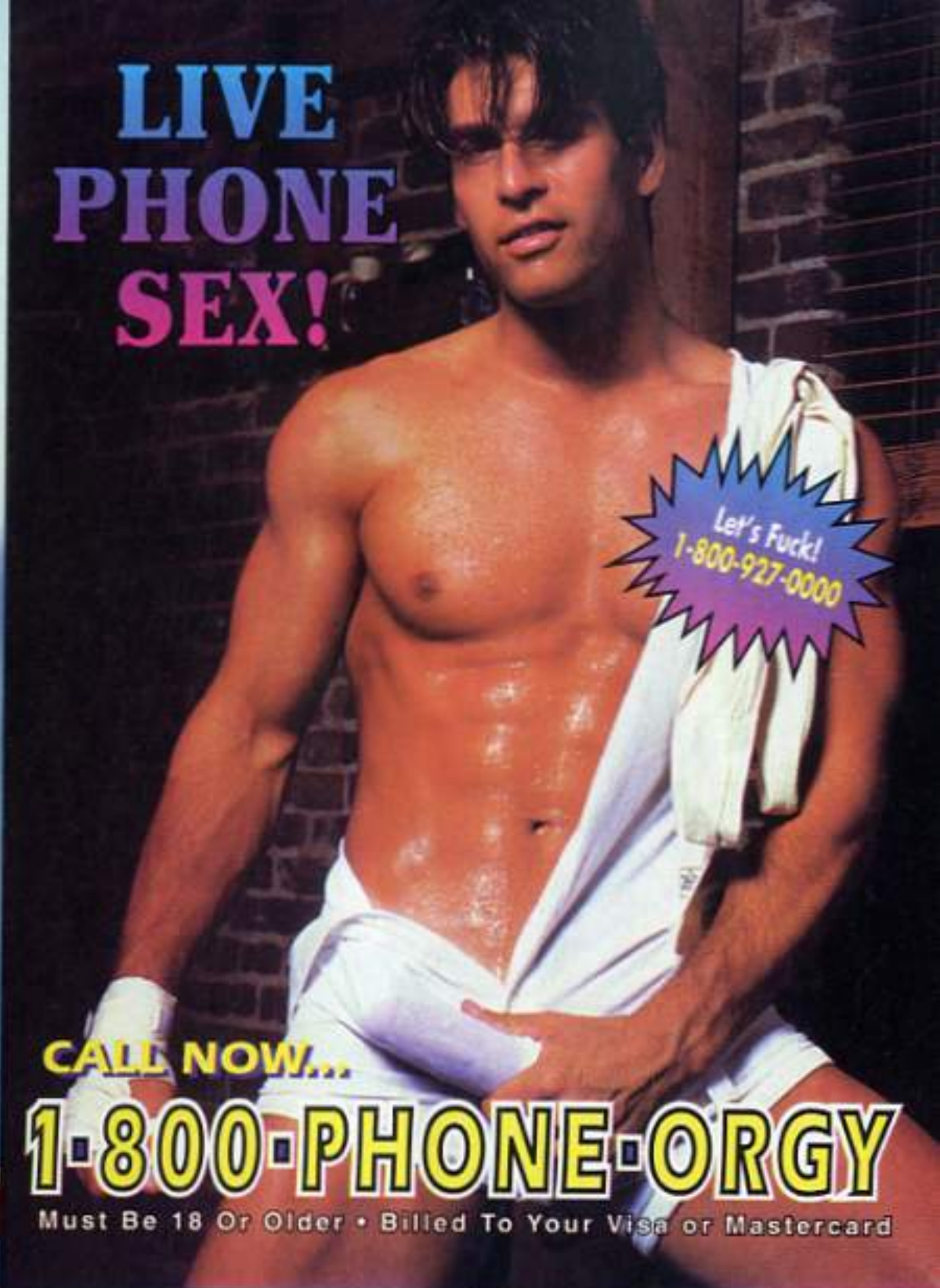
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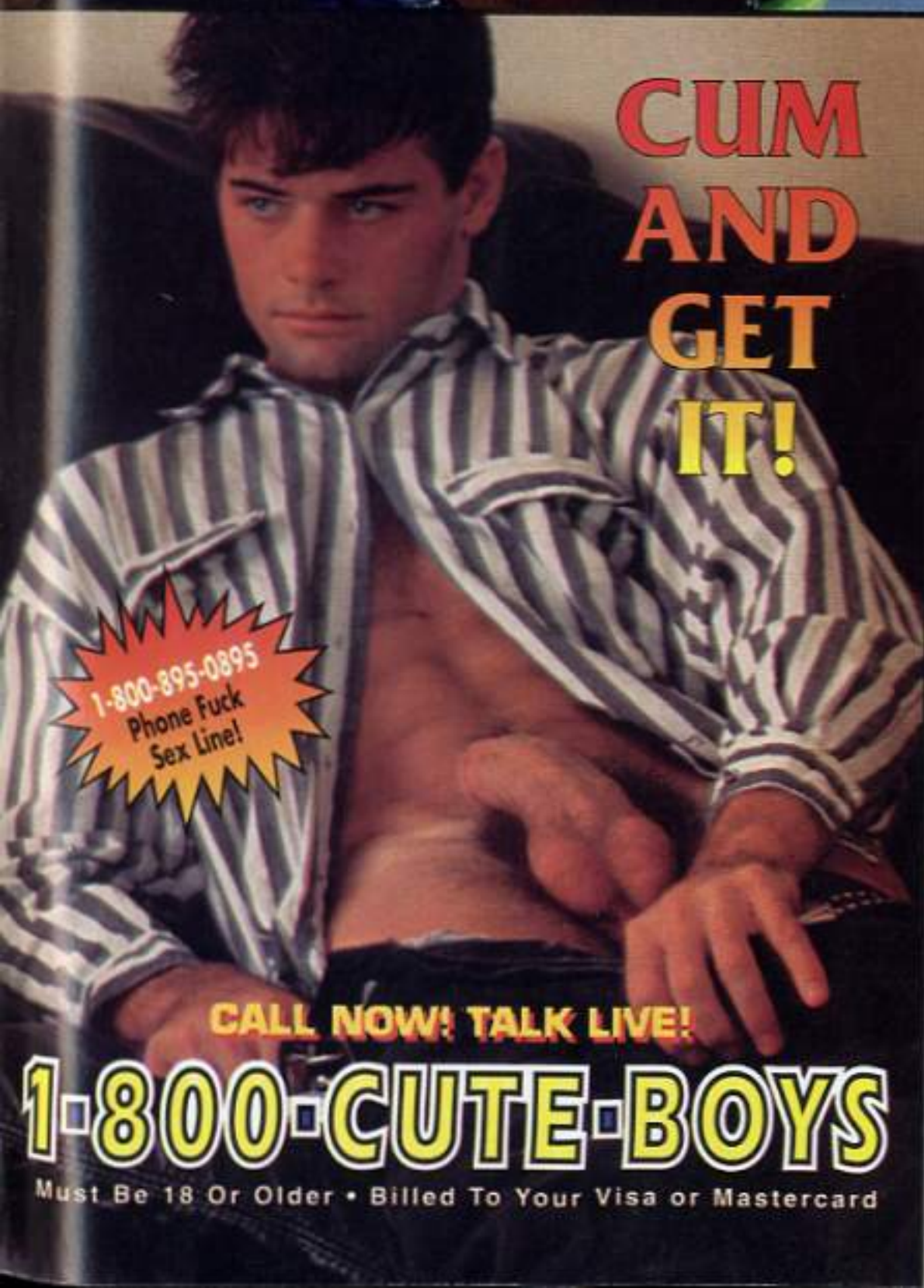
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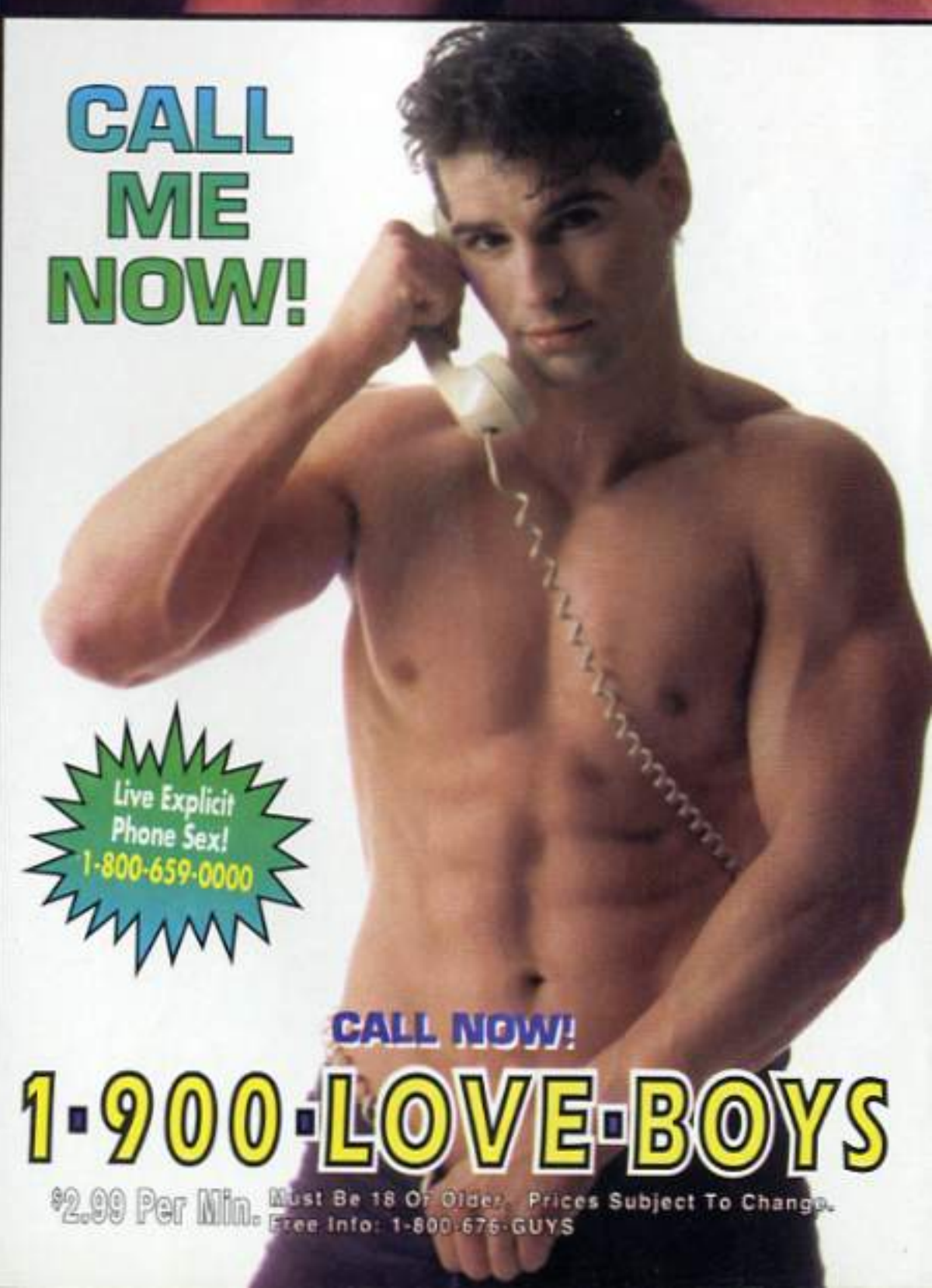
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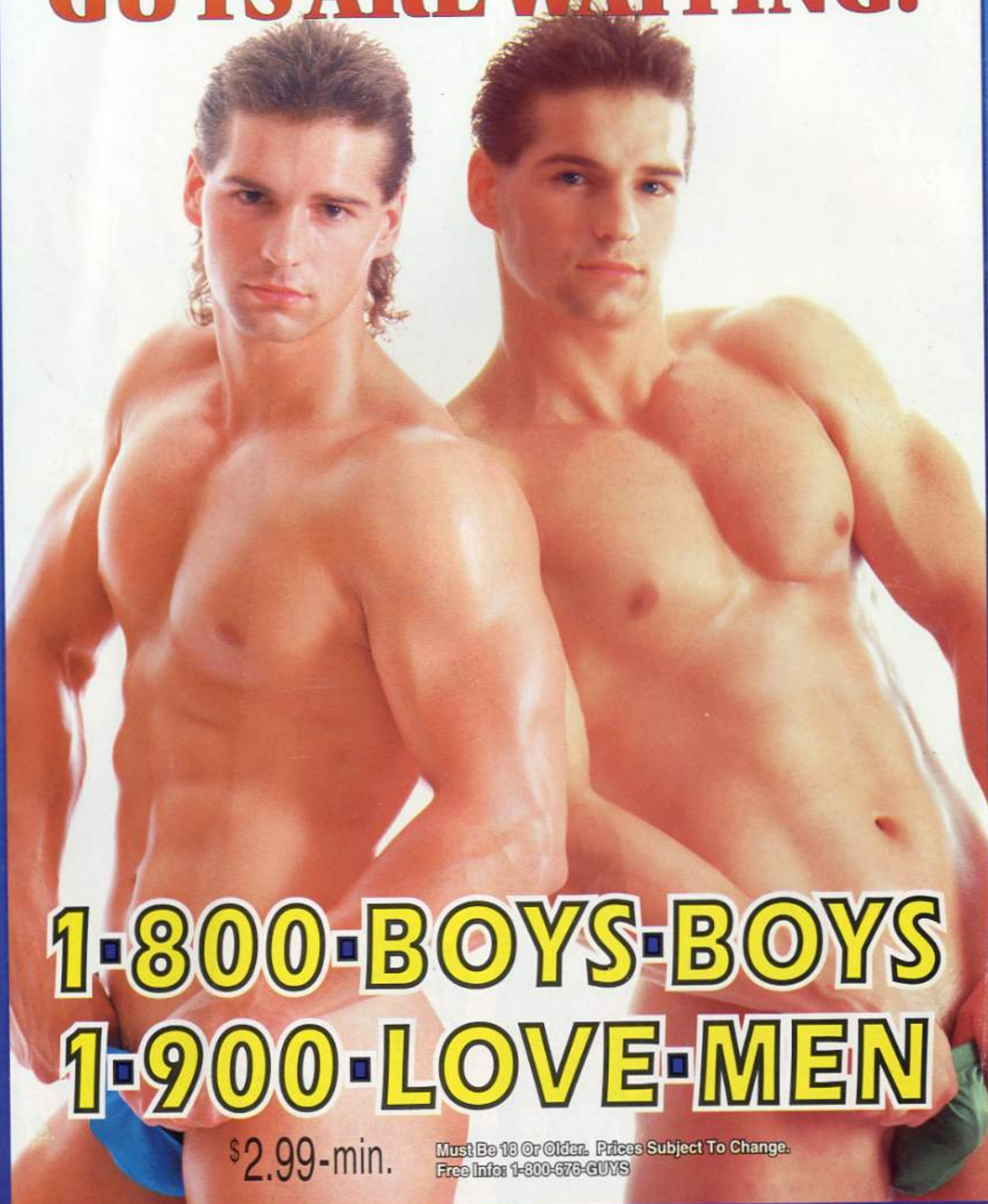
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